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NEW JERSEY.—SCENE DURING THE BATHING HOUR AT ATLANTIC CITY—A CHAT WITH A SURF-WARDEN.—SEE PAGE 359.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
55, 56 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, JULY 29, 1882.

A NEW SERIAL.

WE commence in this number the publication of a new serial story by

WILKIE COLLINS,

ENTITLED

"HEART AND SCIENCE; A STORY OF THE PRESENT TIME,"

and secured at large expense expressly for the columns of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. This last production of one of the foremost of English authors, whose popularity in this country is scarcely less pronounced than in his own, is characterized by all the startling realism, vivid character-painting, interesting dramatic situations and wondrous descriptions which have given his previous works their peculiar fascination. That it will add to his reputation with the reading public, we have no doubt whatever.

DUTIES OF COMMON CARRIERS.

IN the highest forms of civilized life there are survivals of ideas which belong only to rude and unreasoning races of men. The savage resorts to superstitious devices to arrest natural phenomena which he does not understand. He appeals to his idols to stop an eclipse; he depends upon his medicine-man for safety against storms and floods. The Pope's bull against the comet has become proverbial. And now in 1882 the people of the State of New York in their corporate capacity, through their Attorney-general, apply to a gentleman who happens to be exercising judicial functions for a bull called a *mandamus*, to compel the great railroad systems traversing the State to receive and carry all the freight that the people may offer them, whether it is physically possible or not. The railroad companies want to carry all the freight they can, for upon this depends their profit. But for several weeks past they have been unable to carry full, because by sudden and concerted action the men who handle the freight have refused to work unless a specific advance was made in their wages. Hence the companies had to go into the labor market for new hands, and the change has required them to refuse to undertake contracts for deliveries which they knew they could not fulfill. The matter will soon right itself, and the full current of freight will flow as before, to the profit of the companies and the accommodation of the people. It is just as when a steamboat sinks, or a train is wrecked, or a bridge breaks down, or a hotel burns up, the people who want to use one or the other must wait for new accommodations. If any are actually using them and suffer damage, they have their legal remedy, but it seems absurd that the whole body of the people should expect a judge of a court of law, by any fiat he could make, to provide instant accommodations for all who may find themselves incommoded by the disasters.

The attempt seems to be put on several grounds. It is said that the delay and damage to the merchants are so great as to require extraordinary intervention. But this would have justified an application for *mandamus* in the case of the Chicago fire, by which the railways were crippled. It is said that the corporations are public, and have valuable franchises, and therefore must be compelled to use all their facilities. But this is begging the question, and the answer is that they do use all they have, and are providing more as fast as possible, and that their own losses are a better spur than any judge can prick them with. It is said that they ought to pay the wages demanded, and be done with it. But if a legal functionary at the demand of the people can compel this, then new demands will be made and new compulsion applied, and they will certainly find themselves "between the devil and the deep sea." The Courts will run the railroads in a more despotic manner than has yet been done even in these days of Receivers. But the main argument is that the railroad companies are "common carriers," and therefore bound by peculiar responsibilities. A common carrier is indeed held to stringent obligations. He is responsible for loss or injury to the goods he carries which occurs from any cause but the "act of God or the public enemy"—and the doings of strikers are not to be classed in either category. It was held in 1857, in a case cited in the recent discussion, that where the Erie Railroad Company received potatoes in Buffalo to deliver in New York, and they spoiled on the way, the corporation was not excused by the fact that 148 out of 168 of their engineers suddenly struck because of a rule which afterwards proved salutary and necessary. But it was not suggested that all the farmers who wanted to send potatoes, and were delayed by the strike, were entitled to damages—much less that the whole people could rise up

and invoke the judges to compel the trains to run whether there were any engineers or not. That would have seemed too much like the savage appealing to his medicine man for his incantation.

A carrier is bound to do his work fairly, promptly and impartially, according to his capacity. He must, in general, treat all alike. He may, if he enjoys public franchises, be compelled to exercise them reasonably, and not to neglect or abandon them without cause. But, as one of the judges said in the case referred to, "A railroad company is not liable if it does not meet any and every emergency, however great and sudden, and be ready to carry all that may be offered for freight or passage under all possible circumstances." It has always been held a good excuse for the carrier's refusal that his carriage was full, or that he cannot at the time and in the way proposed receive the goods without unreasonable loss or inconvenience. This is so obvious in the ordinary cases of a full coach, a steamer with its complement, an omnibus with its seats filled, or any vehicle suddenly broken or deprived of its driver, that no one thinks of questioning it, and it would seem almost ridiculous to make any inconvenience resulting a matter of public complaint. So in the case of great railroad corporations urged by their own interest to carry all the freight they can, but crippled for the moment—whether by those natural causes which we illogically call "the act of God," or by those causes, natural also in another sense, arising from the wrongs or the passions of men—the remedy is not to be found in any frantic appeal of the people to their judges, as the cry of the savage to his idol was not the true remedy for the eclipse. With us, as with him, the plan is to wait till the eclipse is over.

TENEMENT-HOUSE INSPECTION.

IN 1876 the New York Board of Health, in addition to its other work, organized a force of fifty special inspectors whose duty it is to visit the tenement-houses of the city. This temporary force is known as the "Summer corps," and is composed of physicians who devote five weeks to the duty to which they are specially assigned. Their work is of a character to commend itself to the sympathies of every one. They visit a class of people who, by a combination of natural and artificial circumstances, are peculiarly subjected to the most unfavorable conditions as regards both health and comfort. Their meagre earnings do not allow them any choice in the selection of what, by a polite fiction and cruel sarcasm, is commonly spoken of as a "home." The combined misfortunes of helpless poverty and pitiable ignorance are taken advantage of by landlords, who, as a rule, are not troubled by the possession of such an awkward thing as a conscience. With them the only question is, How can we extort the most money for the smallest possible investment? The conventional tenement-house of the metropolis is the logical answer to this soulless problem.

To counteract the rapacity of the landlord, so far as possible—to protect the tenants from themselves as well as from their oppressors—is the object of the annual midsummer inspection. When this work was inaugurated the visiting physicians were regarded with suspicion, while in some instances they were driven away with abuse. The unfortunates whom they desired to benefit had become so accustomed to being swindled under the guise of friendship and philanthropy, that they could not at first understand that their welfare and betterment could be made the object of disinterested effort on the part of any one. Experience has taught them their mistake, and now the visits of the "Summer corps" are welcomed with unmistakable satisfaction. These physicians teach the mothers how to care for their little ones, how to preserve the health of their babies, and what to do for their children when ill. Not only is good advice given, but medicines are administered when needed, and plain, common-sense tracts in English and German are distributed which teach the rudiments of health-preservation. These welcome visitors are also supplied with free tickets to the excursions which are given for the special benefit of the worthy poor.

Aside from this beneficent work, the utility of which is beyond question, other agencies—of a more permanent and persistent sort—are in operation for ameliorating the condition of the hived-up dwellers in the seven and eight-story death-traps. The new law requiring all plans for new tenement houses to be submitted to the Board of Health for approval will be of incalculable benefit; in a lesser degree the same may be said of the contemporaneous enactment regulating plumbers and their work.

With the increased intelligence of the poorer classes as to their physical necessities and their legal rights as related to matters of health; with a rigid enforcement of the statutes requiring sanitary inspection of all buildings and the abatement of all nuisances, together with a no less vigorous enforcement of the two new laws

spoken of; and with an enlightened public sentiment that shall insist on the enactment of needed laws and their being made effective by officials honest and competent, a genuine and sweeping tenement-house reform is among the hopeful possibilities of the near future.

THE EGYPTIAN STRUGGLE.

ARABI PASHA is still practically master of the situation in Egypt. It is true that the British occupy Alexandria in force, and have made provision for the protection of the Suez Canal at certain menaced points, but that is about all that has been accomplished during the time which has elapsed since the bombardment. Meanwhile, Arabi appears to have collected a considerable army, which is said to be well armed and strongly posted, and there are some indications that he may take the initiative if the British do not speedily advance against him. This, of course, they cannot do until reinforced, and even then they can only make an aggressive movement at the expense of abandoning the pretense upon which Alexandria was bombarded. So long as the canal remains uninjured, and Arabi simply holds a defensive position, Great Britain cannot with any consistency undertake a general military movement on Egyptian soil. This fact is obviously well understood by Arabi himself, and in his communications to the Turkish Government he makes the most of it. He maintains that Alexandria being within the dominions of the Sultan and of his tributary, the Khédive, the bombardment of the city, without the permission of either of them, was an act of hostility and clearly a violation of international law, and that he, Arabi, in defending the city, was justified both by law and by the decision of the Egyptian Ministry. He adds, what it is difficult to deny, that while the defense of his country was both a right and a duty which he, as Minister of War, could not avoid, the course of the Khédive in accepting a British bodyguard fairly laid himself open to the suspicion of being hostile to his own people. The force of this contention is undoubted, and, taking the case as it stands between the Sultan, the Khédive and Arabi Pasha, there are few who will deny that the last is the honestest of the three. It is stated that at a recent meeting at Cairo of all the Pashas, Ulemas and Notables, convened at Arabi's instance, a committee was appointed to inquire as to the truth of the allegations against the Khédive, and that a proposition to declare a holy war was received with considerable favor. Simultaneously with this action, Arabi issued a proclamation which is being preached throughout Egypt, denouncing the Khédive as a traitor to the religion of Mohammed, and calling on the natives to join the army of the faithful, and to fight until every foreigner is expelled from the land. That this proclamation may lead to very serious results in massing the Moslem power against the invaders is only too obvious.

While the British Government hurries forward its preparations for war, Germany holds aloof from active participation in the controversy, declaring that the Egyptian question will only become a practical one for her when the Western Powers have agreed to submit the whole case without reserve to the European concert. At the same time, she avows that, in view of the general need of peace, England may rely upon support on all sides in her endeavor to bring about a settlement of the question, especially if she strictly adheres to her legitimate interests.

Whether Bismarck will assume to define what constitutes a legitimate interest does not appear. France, meanwhile, declares her purpose to maintain the English alliance, but, in the same breath, insists that the whole subject shall be referred to the Powers. Even in regard to the Suez Canal, that Government holds that appeal should be made to the Conference, which, considering that there is not the slightest difference of opinion as to that particular question, is, to say the least of it, carrying discretion to a ridiculous excess. The truth is that France, ever since Bismarck, in January last, declared his hostility to the principle of an Anglo-French military expedition to Egypt, has displayed a timidity which has made her ridiculous in the eyes of all Europe, and it can scarcely be expected that her present Government will commit itself to any definite policy as to any European question so long as positive action can possibly be avoided. The latest proposition is that Powers shall be designated by the Conference who shall be charged, in case of need, with the protection of the canal, with authority to decide on the mode of action. The argument in favor of some such course as this will be strengthened by the failure of Turkey, while agreeing to enter the Conference, to make any reply whatever to the invitation to send troops to Egypt. The reply of Lord Granville to the statement of the Sultan's position specifically declares that Great Britain now sees "no alternative but a recourse to force to put an end to the intolerable state of affairs in Egypt." It would be most in accordance

with the principles of international law that that force should be that of the sovereign power; but if this is impracticable, on account of the unwillingness of the Sultan to act, it will become necessary to devise other measures." From this position there is not likely to be any retreat, but its maintenance may involve Great Britain in difficulties far more serious than was imagined when she opened fire on Alexandria.

THE PENNSYLVANIA CONTEST.

THE two wings of the Republican Party in Pennsylvania, which for some weeks have been manœuvring for position, have at length taken their stand, each for itself, upon ground which they are likely to occupy till the close of the conflict. The Cameron wing offered the Independents the alternative either of submitting the two tickets to a vote in the primaries, or of calling another Convention according to the method so long employed by the Boss. The Independents were bound by every consideration of self-respect to reject an alternative the acceptance of which would have turned their movement into an unsavory farce. In a contest between the lion and the lamb, the latter cannot reasonably be expected to leap into the open jaws of the former, asking to be eaten up as speedily as possible. But this was exactly what the Cameronian lion wanted the Independent lamb to do. The latter met the proposition with one far more reasonable and rational, viz.: that neither should devour the other, but that both should unite in calling another State Convention upon fair and honorable terms; that both tickets should be withdrawn, and an entirely new one nominated, the support of which should be binding upon both wings. But the Boss would not consent to give up the "machine" by means of which he has so long ruled the party, making it subservient to his personal ends. He prefers to defeat the party rather than permit it to govern itself.

The conflict from this time forward is likely to wax hotter and hotter to the end. Unless the Independents are far weaker than they suppose themselves to be, the result is pretty sure to be the election of the Democratic State ticket. The dread of this, so general among Republicans everywhere, will be constantly appealed to by the Cameronians, and there is danger that not a few voters, who would really prefer the election of the Independent ticket, were such a thing possible, may at last be won to the support of the other. None, however, who have a just conception of the vital importance of the principle involved in the struggle will be likely thus to betray it on grounds of mere expediency.

The Democratic candidate for Governor is a clean-handed man, whom many of the Republicans of Philadelphia have already acquired a habit of supporting in local elections. For this very reason he is said to be obnoxious to the Bourbons of his own party, many of whom are not unwilling that he should be defeated. It is even reported that Mr. Cameron hopes to win enough Democratic support to make up, in a large degree, for the loss of the Independent vote. The leaders who have carried the Democratic banner in former contests do not relish being set aside for a young man whose chief recommendation is that he can win support from the Independents. Since they cannot secure an unadulterated Democratic victory, these leaders may think it good policy to aid in the further demoralization of the Republican party by slyly co-operating with the Cameron managers. It may be doubted, however, whether the Democratic rank and file will so far fall in with any arrangement of this sort as to give it a chance of success. Right-thinking citizens everywhere will watch the progress of the conflict with the interest due to its importance, and with a strong hope that the Independents may succeed in freeing their party from an obnoxious rule.

SUMMER CONVOCATIONS.

CONFERENCES, congresses and schools of philosophy multiply on every hand. By the sad sea wave, in the bosky woods, on the mountain side, in the open plain under the blue dome of heaven, societies of all sorts foregather for the purpose of discussing the "isms" which vex the souls of men. Our thinkers and workers have come to realize the immense advantages to be gained by holding interchange of thought far from the madding crowd; and to these midsummer conferences the laborers in many fields turn their wearied thoughts as to a refreshing holiday. It cannot be doubted that conferences conducted on this principle in a majority of cases yield rich, ripe fruit. They are peculiarly calculated to develop the healthy mind in the healthy body. When business can be combined with honest, genuine pleasure, that business must, of a surety, be well done and with profit to him who does it. This is the true background of the present movement, a background as solid as it is venerable. It is a cruel error to imagine that midsummer holidays are only necessary for schoolboys. It is a cruel error to imagine that the brain should never be permitted to lie fallow. To give the brain rest is as essential as to rest the arms or the feet, and the rest demanded for the brains of our think-

ers is precisely that which the sea, and river, and lake, and mountain side conferences genuinely bestow.

AMERICA IN EGYPT.

IF we could understand the motive of the American admiral in co-operating with the British in protecting the City of Alexandria, perhaps we could the better appreciate the hearty encomiums which are lavished upon him by the London press. It is true, we have a consulate at Alexandria, and are supposed, therefore, interested in the restoration of order; but Germany, France, and other Powers, also have consulates there, and it does not appear that any of them have felt called upon, for aggressive purposes, to land troops on Egyptian soil. So far as we have any information, neither the American flag nor any American citizen has been outraged or insulted by Arabi Pasha or any of his followers, or, indeed, by anybody else in Egypt occupying a representative official position. We cannot but conclude that Admiral Nicholson has been guilty of a very serious indiscretion, and we will be fortunate, indeed, if our influence in the East shall not be greatly impaired by his rashness. Of course, the British cannot see the matter in this light, and it is not surprising, perhaps, that their journals should applaud the action of the admiral and his marines in terms of the warmest eulogy. Thus we find the London *Morning Post* declaring:

"When the European allies were getting out of range the American admiral, with a cool glance at the threatening Egyptian cannon, 'calculated he would stay where he was, and if any of them fired at him he would fire back.' When the bombardment was over an American ship alone sailed around each of our ships and gave them a lucky cheer. When Admiral Seymour asked for aid to protect life and property in Alexandria sixty American marines landed promptly in a way which quadrupled their value. Last, and best of all, when there was a rumor of Arabi returning with 8,000 men, and the European marines hastened back to their men-of-war, and while French and Italians were sailing in safety in the open sea, the Americans preferred 'to stick by Englishmen and take their chances.' There are times when jealousy and ill feeling run high between us, and bad words are bandied across the Atlantic; but, thank heaven, there are also times of national grief and occasions of great moment when blood is found thicker than water, and Americans and Britishers will be found standing side by side. May it be so always!"

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

WE discuss elsewhere the course of events in Egypt. In Great Britain the resignation of John Bright from the Cabinet has been the chief topic of domestic politics. Mr. Bright, in explaining the act in Parliament, said that its sole motive was his inability to concur in the Government's Egyptian policy, which, in his opinion, violated both moral and international law. Mr. Bright's retirement is expected to result in the raising of Sir Charles Dilke, Under Foreign Secretary, to a seat in the Cabinet. It is reported that Mr. Bright will visit America during the recess of Parliament, and it is not unlikely that he will deliver addresses in many of the principal cities. The Arrears Bill has passed the House of Commons, amendments proposed by Mr. Parnell to widen its scope having been rejected by the Government. One proposed by its friends, however, designed to encourage the emigration of persons who are willing to leave Ireland, and authorizing the boards of guardians to borrow money at 3½ per cent. in furtherance of the scheme, was adopted by a vote of 335 to 20. In the House of Lords, the Conservatives will propose amendments looking to the greater security of the landlord interest. Colonel Brackenbury, Director of the Irish Criminal Investigation Department, has resigned because the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland disapproved his scheme for having the police join secret societies in order to turn informers, and because some new rules which he promulgated offended the resident magistrates, several of whom lately retired. During the last three months 455 agrarian outrages have been committed in Ireland, not including cases of the sending of threatening letters, and only thirteen persons have been convicted. To cap the climax of the country's misfortunes, a failure of the crops is threatened by reason of heavy and almost incessant rains.

There was a brief Cabinet crisis in France last week. M. Goblet, Minister of the Interior and of Worship, replying to a Radical interpellation demanding the establishment of a central mayoralty for Paris, moved the order of the day pure and simple, which was rejected by a vote of 278 to 172. The Chamber then adopted, by a vote of 218 to 176, an order of the day hostile to the creation of a central mayoralty. The member who moved the interpellation quoted promises of the Government in favor of its object, so that both votes were unfavorable to the Government. M. de Freycinet and his colleagues promptly placed their resignations in the hands of President Grévy, but he refused to accept them, and the Chamber passed, by a vote of 276 to 105, an order of the day implying confidence in the Government and leaving aside the question of the mayoralty. This bridged over the trouble, and the Cabinet will continue unchanged.

The troubles in Herzegovina are not yet altogether ended. An insurgent chief recently surprised a district governor who was recruiting with an escort, and who was at once beheaded, while twenty-five of the soldiers accompanying him were killed.—Baron von Schloezer, the German Ambassador to the Papal Court, has returned to Berlin, which is generally regarded as equivalent to a temporary rupture of negotiations between Germany and the Vatican.—A great fire raged in Smyrna, in Asia Minor, last week, which destroyed 1,400 houses and rendered 6,000 persons homeless.—By a deluge of rain in Bohemia a large part of the harvest has been destroyed. The

bodies of forty-seven persons who were drowned have been recovered.

THE confidence of the defense in the Star Route cases, which had been growing almost from the beginning of the trial, met a check last week in the decision of the Court that the prosecution had made out a *prima facie* case of conspiracy, and that the question of its existence must go to the jury. Notwithstanding this ruling, however, there is still great popular incredulity as to the prospect of a conviction, and the country will be happily surprised if the offenders do not escape punishment.

PEACE has not yet been concluded between Chili and Peru, and the latter country still remains in a disorganized condition. The Peruvians have at last abandoned the hope which they had long cherished that the United States would interfere in their behalf, but they still shrink from conceding to their victorious enemies the rich province of Tarapaca. Chili, however, is inflexible in her purpose to seize this territory, and apparently means to retain possession of Peru as long as may be necessary to carry out the scheme. Meanwhile, Peru remains without any effective government, and the prosperity of the nation has suffered a blow from which it cannot recover for many years.

THE Signal Service Office has made a study of the 600 tornadoes recorded in this country during the past eighty-seven years, and finds that such storms occur most frequently in June. While they are liable to swoop down at any hour of the twenty-four, they generally do their work between five and six p.m. Tornadoes always move with an eastward motion, and their average path of destruction is only about a fifth of a mile. They prevail chiefly in the West, and Kansas leads the list among States in that section, having experienced sixty-two in the last twenty-three years. Although accurate statistics are still lacking, there seems no doubt that the month of June this year brought more serious storms than any previous one, the best estimates putting the loss of life by tornadoes during that month at 150, while about 400 persons were wounded and the damage to property aggregated about \$5,000,000.

THE Chinese question has ceased to agitate the Pacific Coast since the President signed the Bill prohibiting immigration for ten years, but the Mongolian element of the population still continues to cause discussion. Happily there are some signs of a needed reaction in public opinion in the direction of fairness and justice. The Ministerial Union of San Francisco has made bold to request the Board of Education to open the doors of the public schools to Chinese pupils, while the grand jury of Contra Costa County have gone so far as to indict four persons for an unprovoked attack upon a Chinese colony at Martinez last April. The wild craze over the Chinese which so long dominated the Pacific States, at the expense of every consideration of humanity and fair play, is one of the most discreditable instances in American history, and the country will welcome every sign that its sway is ended.

THE nomination of Alexander H. Stephens as the Democratic candidate for Governor of Georgia is a notable incident in the progress of liberal ideas in that State. Mr. Stephens, ever since the close of the Civil War, has been a conspicuous representative of the progressive element of his party, and has contributed more largely, perhaps, than any other Southern Democrat to the readjustment of the social and political relations of his section on a basis of justice and fraternity. His nomination for Governor has been resisted by the Bourbons of the State, but his hold upon the popular confidence was so great that they wisely withdrew their opposition before a ballot, and he thus goes into the contest with the practically unanimous indorsement of the Convention. A few irreconcilables declare that they will not give him their support; but their opposition, proceeding as it does from hostility to his liberal ideas and his personal independence of character, will probably prove a benefit rather than a detriment.

A NEW peril has been added to those which already surround the celebration of the Fourth of July, by the invention of the toy-pistol. The premature explosion of the fire cracker and the bursting of the cannon together do not number so many victims as fall every year before this petty weapon. Ever since the national anniversary the papers from all parts of the country have been reporting toy-pistol ravages among the youthful population, and the length of the death-list is really startling. A single Massachusetts village has had three victims, and no less than twenty deaths have already been announced in the New England States, while the mortality has been equally great in other parts of the country, six deaths from toy-pistol wounds occurring in Cincinnati and vicinity within three days. As parental prudence does not seem sufficient to preserve children from danger of death which always attends the use of this dangerous little weapon, it would appear to be high time to invoke the aid of the law against its sale.

STATISTICS compiled by the *Commercial Bulletin* show that during the last six months there have been in the United States and Canada 868 fires, counting only those involving a loss of \$10,000, in which property worth \$38,000,000 was consumed. Making reasonable estimates for the losses by thousands of fires of less magnitude than \$10,000, and also for other thousands of unrecorded fires, the *Bulletin* computes that the destruction of national wealth by fire during the six months amounted to \$46,700,000.

Of this total, \$25,800,000, or 55 per cent., were swept away by 205 fires. According to the *Insurance Chronicle*, the aggregate fire loss of the past five years, for the corresponding period—namely, the first six months of each year—has been as follows: 1881, \$39,648,100; 1880, \$40,626,800; 1879, \$50,873,300; 1878, \$34,793,900; 1877, \$59,548,600 (including the \$22,000,000 loss by the St. John fire). It will be seen that, outside of the effect of the St. John fire, in 1877, no recent year, except 1879, has presented a more disastrous record as to fires, during its first six months, as 1882 has done.

PRESIDENT BARRIOS, of Guatemala, must have had very vague notions of our foreign traditions and principles to suppose that he could persuade our Government to take his part in a boundary dispute with Mexico, even by offering us a slice of territory as bait, or to promote his scheme for a union of the five Central American States under his Presidency. A visit to Washington on such an errand must needs prove fruitless, but the trip may be of service in giving the distinguished visitor a clearer idea than he before possessed of the foundations of this nation's prosperity—a lesson which must be more thoroughly mastered before a successful union of the Central American States can be effected, or indeed a stable government maintained in any one of them. The people of this country wish well to all who would establish republican institutions elsewhere, but they are of one mind in their determination not to meddle in the affairs of foreign nations, even to help forward the accomplishment of so laudable an end.

THE death of Abraham Lincoln's widow ends a life which was singularly crowded with joy and sorrow, the brilliant triumph of gratified ambition and the overwhelming grief of a terrible tragedy. Mrs. Lincoln never, in herself considered, won a very firm hold on the popular heart, but as the wife and then the widow of the martyred President she has always been tenderly regarded by the country. It is, probably, safe to say that no President's wife ever entered the White House with keener enjoyment of her elevation, and to none—not even excepting Mrs. Garfield—did residence in the Executive mansion bring greater misfortune: first, in the death of a favorite son; then, in the terrible loss of her husband; and, finally, in an old age of broken health and unsettled reason resulting from the shock of the assassination. Mrs. Lincoln's death leaves but one survivor of the family, the oldest son Robert, who, as Secretary of War, is steadily winning an enviable reputation as a thoroughly efficient and "level-headed" executive officer.

THE most remarkable experiment in the boycotting line ever tried in this country has just been initiated at Milwaukee. As everybody knows, the population of that Wisconsin city is largely German, and the influence of their customs has been widely felt by the native inhabitants. Not long ago some clergymen, who naturally opposed the giving of theatrical performances on Sunday, got up a petition to the managers asking them to close the places of amusement on that day, and secured the signatures of many prominent business men. The managers declined to comply, and the incident had been almost forgotten, when it was announced a few days ago that all the brewers of the city had united in a resolution to have no further dealings with any of the persons who signed the petition. A leading brewer, who had ordered a large amount of furniture from a certain establishment, promptly countermanded the order, and the whole class of brewers, which constitutes one of the most wealthy and influential business interests, appears resolved to carry out the boycotting policy. The excuse for this action is that the petition against Sunday theatres is believed to be only the first step towards the closing of beer gardens on Sunday and the final passage of a prohibitory liquor law, but the sober second thought ought to convince the brewers that they will rather prejudice impartial people against reasonable license than convert them to their support by the introduction of a policy of proscription for a simple expression of opinion.

THE sentence of General Newton M. Curtis to pay a fine of \$1,000 for receiving money from employes of the Government in violation of law is a timely vindication of the statute prohibiting the levying of assessments upon Federal officials for political purposes, and a warning as well which the Republican Congressional Committee, now engaged in the disreputable business of extorting money from persons in Government employ, will do well to heed. It is true that the case will not end here, the counsel of General Curtis having applied for a writ of *habeas corpus* for the purpose of having the constitutionality of the law tested before the Supreme Court; but the imposition of the sentence, after the refusal of four Judges of the United States Circuit Court to grant a new trial, indicates pretty clearly the conclusion of judicial minds as to the validity of the act, and certainly constitutes a substantial gain in the right direction for the cause of civil service reform. In overruling the motion for arrest of judgment, Judge Benedict stated that upon the question of the constitutionality of the law on which General Curtis was convicted, all the judges who heard the argument in behalf of the defendant were unanimously of the opinion that the statute was valid. He further stated that the Court believed that Congress has the power to enact all needful regulations calculated to discipline officials of the Government and declare that infractions of discipline shall be treated as criminal offenses.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

THE Colorado Republican State Convention will be held at Denver, September 14th.

THE village of Fairfield, Me., was almost entirely destroyed by fire on the 21st instant.

A SHOCK of earthquake was felt at Cairo, Ill., early on the morning of July 20th, lasting about ten seconds.

GENERAL ROBERT P. KENNEDY, who was expected to contest Speaker Keifer's re-nomination for Congress, has withdrawn.

THE Democrats of Texas have nominated John Ireland, a distinguished lawyer and former Judge of the Supreme Court, for Governor.

PRESIDENT BARRIOS of Guatemala arrived at Washington last week, and was presented to President Arthur by Secretary Frelinghuysen on July 20th.

THE New York National Greenback-Labor Convention, held at Albany last week, nominated a full State ticket, headed by Epenetus Howe for Governor.

THE accounts of the Post Office Department for the first quarter of the calendar year show an excess of nearly a million dollars in receipts over expenditures.

MRS. SCOVILLE, the assassin's sister, has filed a protest against the probate of any will of Gustave or the issue of any letters testamentary to anybody but herself.

A NEW YORK city cartman has obtained a judgment of \$40 damages against a railway company that kept him waiting for hours without receiving his freight.

THERE were last week 131 failures in the United States, an increase of seven over those of the preceding week, and forty one more than in the corresponding week of last year.

THE Mississippi Prohibitionists held a State Convention at Jackson last week, effected a permanent organization and elected delegates to the National Convention at Chicago in August.

THE strike of the freight-handlers in New York city has failed, the railroad companies having now so far filled the places of the strikers as to be able to receive and ship all the freight offered.

THE Tariff Commission met at Long Branch last week, and organized for work. It will probably spend a month at the Branch, listening to the views of representatives of various business interests.

REPORTS from Pittsburg, Pa., state that, of the total number of ironworkers who went on a strike, more than eight thousand have resumed work at the wages demanded, and that about thirty thousand men still remain idle.

SENATOR HILL, of Georgia, is worse, and all hope of recovery has been abandoned. His physician says that he may live three months, but is liable to die at any moment. He has subsisted on liquid food for five months.

THE will of Arunah Huntington, a Vermonter, who died in Canada five years ago and left his estate of \$200,000 to his native State, has been sustained by the courts, and the whole amount becomes available for the school fund.

ALEXANDER KIERS, the section foreman of the New York and Long Branch Railroad, who placed the rail switch on the Parker's Creek Bridge where the fatal accident occurred recently, has been arrested and held for manslaughter.

THE House of Representatives has passed a Bill which provides for the issue of postal notes for sums less than \$5, payable to the bearer at the money-order office where issued, or at the office designated by the person who procures them.

REPORTS from the Isthmus of Panama are most discouraging. No work is being done on the canal, machinery is submerged and damaged by the heavy rains, and great mortality prevails, twenty three persons dying out of a population of 4,000 in a single week.

IN the Ohio Democratic State Convention, last week, the friends of Senator Pendleton were in a majority, and sent the "Young Democracy" to the rear. Mr. J. W. Newman was nominated for Secretary of State, John W. Oakley for Supreme Judge, and Henry Weible for Board of Public Works.

A FIGHT occurred between the troops and hostile Indians in Arizona last week, which resulted in a rout of the savages, who lost twenty killed and all their camp equipments and traps. The troops lost one enlisted man and one scout. A band of White Mountain Apaches are on the warpath in New Mexico.

AN official statement shows that the Star Route service in the region where most of the fraudulent "expedition" and general stealing has taken place is now done about fifty per cent cheaper than under former contracts. The figures of annual cost show a saving of over \$2,000,000 for the present fiscal year.

A BILL reported by the majority of the Foreign Affairs Committee has been placed on the House calendar incorporating a company to construct the Nicaragua Canal, and promising a Government guarantee of three per cent on \$75,000,000 for twenty years after its completion. A minority report will be submitted opposing the guarantee.

THE House of Representatives decided two more contested election cases last week, unseating Tillman, the sitting Democratic member from the Fifth South Carolina District, in favor of Smalls, the Republican contestant, and declaring vacant the seat for the Fourth Alabama district, hitherto held by Shelley, Democrat, whose Republican rival has died.

THE Chinese question becomes constantly more disturbing at Victoria, B. C., and much excitement has been caused by the preparations of a Chinese company to erect workshops and wharves to manufacture clothing, boots and shoes, tin-ware, cigars and other articles, and to enter into competition with the white firms. An exodus from California to China has begun in consequence of low passage rates, 600 Chinamen sailing from San Francisco, last week.

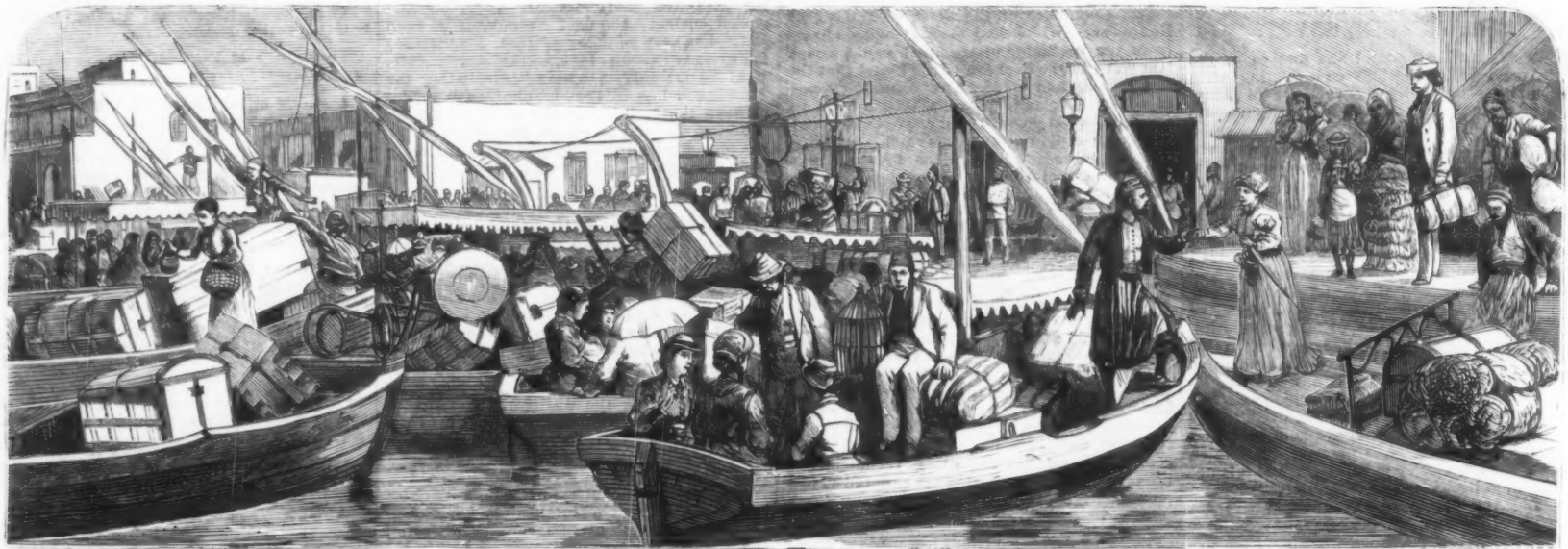
Foreign.

DURING services in memory of Garibaldi at a public hall in Buenos Ayres a curtain caught fire, which produced a stampede. A wall toppled over on the assemblage, and twenty bodies have been taken from the ruins.

MR. GLADSTONE will propose that the vote of credit to meet expenditures in Egypt shall be defrayed out of the revenue of the current fiscal year. He intends to ask the House of Commons to increase the income tax two pence in the pound.

THE body of the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, which was stolen some months since from the family vault at Duecht House, near Aberdeen, was found in the grounds, about six hundred and fifty yards from the house, last week. A man suspected of connection in the theft was arrested.

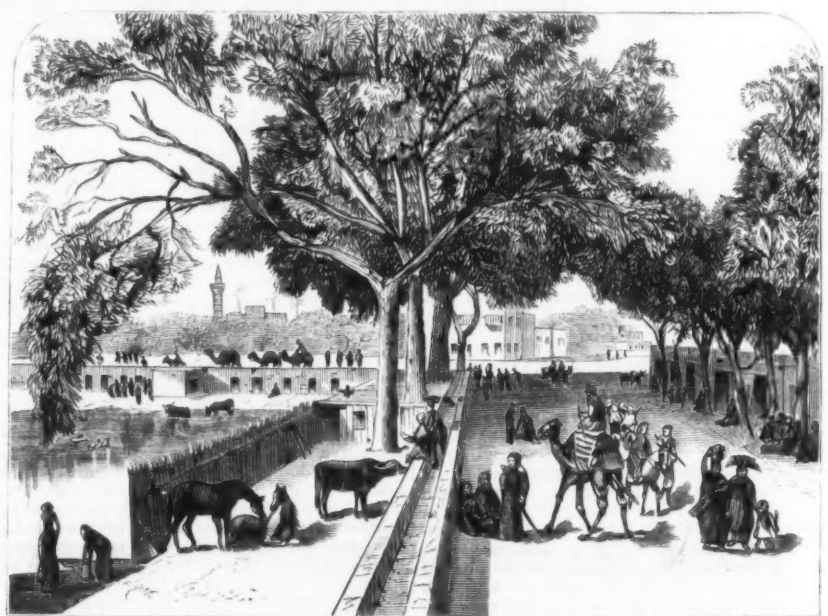
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 359.



THE CRISIS IN EGYPT.—THE EMBARKATION OF EUROPEAN REFUGEES AT ALEXANDRIA, BEFORE THE LATE BOMBARDMENT.



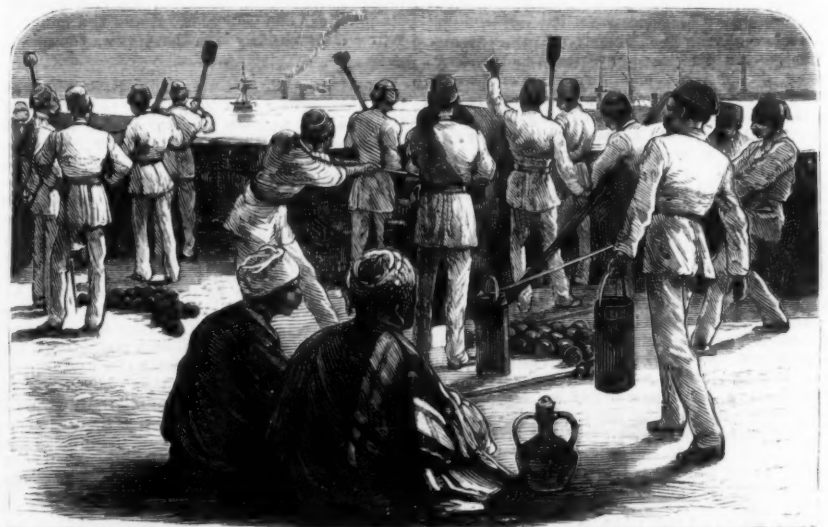
GREAT BRITAIN.—WAR PREPARATIONS AT PORTSMOUTH — MARINES LEAVING FORTON BARRACKS.



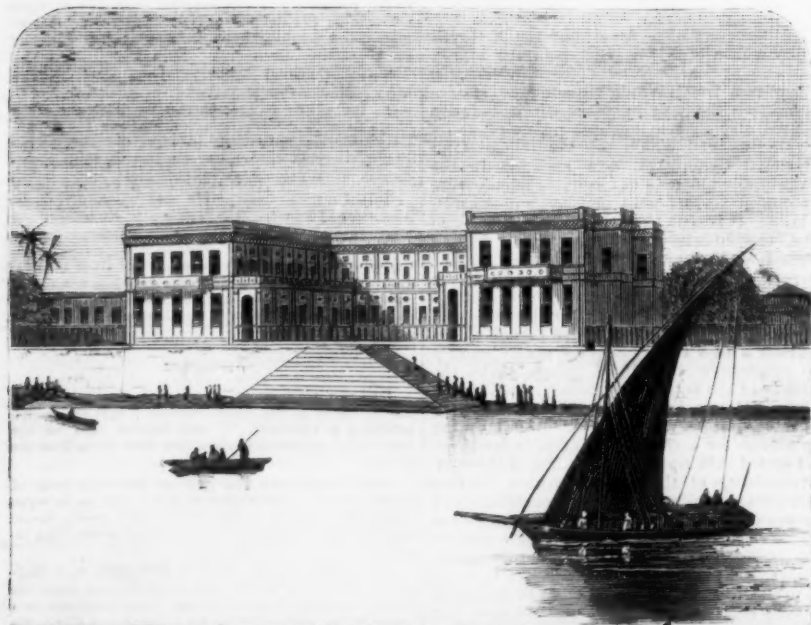
EGYPT.—EXTREMITY OF THE PROMENADE OF SHOOBRA, AT CAIRO.



THE CRISIS IN EGYPT.—BRICKING UP THE WINDOWS OF THE BANK OF EGYPT, ALEXANDRIA, FOR DEFENSE.



THE CRISIS IN EGYPT.—EGYPTIAN TROOPS AT GUN-DRILL IN ONE OF THE ALEXANDRIA PORTS.



EGYPT.—SUMMER PALACE OF THE KHEDIVE AT CAIRO.



GERMANY.—BAPTISM OF THE GREAT-GRANDDAUGHTER OF THE EMPEROR AT POTSDAM.



NEW YORK.—VIEW FROM THE GRAND HOTEL, SUMMIT MOUNTAIN OF THE CATSKILL RANGE.—DEPARTURE OF THE "HUSBANDS' STAGE".—FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 253.

7-29-1882

THE SOURCE OF SONG.

NOT sing of love? Then I must close my eyes
And ears to every sweetest sight and sound;
For love hath many witnesses, that rise
E'en from the very ground.

'Upon the apples' cheek the blushes glow,
Brought thither by the kiss of wind and sun;
The sea calls to the little streams, and, lo!
They answer every one.

'Mid sweet, small tumults in the boughs above,
The happy, nested birds the whole day long
Tell me in sweetest fashion that 'tis love
That fills the world with song.

In heaven above, and in the earth below,
'Tis king from morn till night, from night till
morn;
Atom loved atom ages gone, and so
The worlds were born.

Not sing of that which lifts the sinking heart,
Makes pain less bitter, gladness still more glad?
That in life's sometimes sad, defeated part
Keeps men from going mad?

You speak in vain; no power 'gainst this can move
As long as earth by mortal feet is trod;
And this is truest truth, who sings of love
Will sing of God.

And never song, however great and true,
So well the poet's heritage can prove
As the heart's simple song, so old, so new—
The song of love.

CARLOTTA PERRY.

HIS TRUST.

BY PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

WHEN Mr. Tom Rainger, who described himself as a traveling photographic artist, was not on the road, he lived absolutely alone, in a humble cottage on a wide patch of land, adjoining Thornton Common, a high, wide stretch of grassy ground, and a place much resorted to in the summer.

The village of Thornton, from which the common took its name, was seven miles from the nearest country town. It was a meek little village with an old-fashioned parsonage, an unpretending church, a school-house, a forge and a public-house, called the Three Jolly Boys.

To return to Mr. Rainger—when he was not at home he lived on wheels; that is to say he journeyed round the country in a kind of cart-house. He traveled mostly in the winter, finding through the warm weather no stint of people in Thornton willing to pay from a sixpence to a shilling to see their faces reproduced by the artist's glass. Besides being an artist, our friend was a musician. He really played the violin skillfully, and between fiddling and photographing he got on quite well.

At the time of which I am writing he was a middle-aged man, strongly built, and rather short of stature. His weather-face had on it a look of weariness, and also of resolution. Other things than the sun and the wind had had their will with that face. A life's tragedy had scarred it deeper than ever the elements could. His scant hair was iron gray. Tom Rainger was not popular in the village. He would sit for hours at the Three Jolly Boys, smoking and speaking to no man. When he did talk there was something overbearing and aggressive in his manner. He never went to church, but he might often be seen coming out of the churchyard, where, under grass and flowers, lay what had once been "the desire of his eyes"—his friend, his companion, his good angel, his wife.

"It was the loss of her," said the landlady of the Three Jolly Boys, "that turned him sour, as thunder turns milk sour."

After five years of happiness, her fresh gay voice, the blue light of her eyes, and the light gold of her hair, and all the dear caressing ways, she had gone out of his life and left him, as we have seen, a soured man.

One midsummer's eve, a time to become memorable henceforth in Mr. Rainger's life, that gentleman sat in the bar-parlor of the Three Jolly Boys. It was a club night, and having for the benefit of the Jolly Boys performed twice on his violin, he put the instrument away, and shouldering his case, and with his pipe set fast between his teeth, passed from the mixed fumes of tobacco and spirits into the clear, moonlit night. The Jolly Boys were hard at it when he left them, but the sound of their jollity was soon behind him; the common was about a mile from the village.

It was a warm, luminous night. Every leaf and every twig of every tree was distinctly visible, such a power of moonlight was on everything. A note faltered through the warm, compassionate stillness. Then from a clump of trees a nightingale began singing.

There were hot tears in Rainger's eyes as he walked along. It seemed to him as if the moonlight, the warm air, the singing bird, had some message from his dead wife—a message which he could not interpret. Ah, with what a passion of worship he thought of her!

When he reached the cottage, instead of entering it, he passed on to the common, where moonlight and unbroken stillness reigned. Standing there, it came to him to take out his violin and to begin playing with all the expression of which he was capable, and he had no small measure, "The Last Rose of Summer." It was one of the airs his wife liked best to hear him play. Under his hand, which then seemed to acquire the very master's touch, the music rose, and quivered and floated far away. He wondered if beyond the moonlight she heard it. All his heart was intent on this, when he heard a sound which made him start. It was the sound of feet hurrying as if one were running a race for life. In another second or two, with a low cry, something caught his hand and dropped at his feet; then a girl's voice said, in a whisper of terror:

"Save me! hide me! they will find me if you don't! They are following me, I know!"

Rainger raised the girl, and, acting on impulse, led her to his cottage. As they walked along, she said:

"As I was running I heard you calling me. That was you, wasn't it?"

"It was my music you heard," he answered. "Your music?" she repeated, simply. "I don't know what that is."

Just then they reached the humble cottage, with its wholesome garden of sweet-smelling flowers. Rainger struck a light, then he turned and looked at his companion. He started back with an involuntary cry; for, in the girl fronting him, he seemed to see his wife again—the same shape of face, the same light of gold hair, the same soft, blue eyes, only in these there was a strange pleading, questioning look—a look which seemed to say: "Where am I? Oh, save me!"

He came near and his hand fell on her shoulder. He started again, for the shoulder he touched felt warm and wet. He looked down and saw that blood was soaking through her thin dress.

"They beat me so," she said, "that I ran away to-night."

"Who beat you?" he asked. "I don't know; but they did beat me, and made the blood come."

Then the whole truth flashed upon Rainger. About five miles off was an asylum, and the girl to whom he was talking was an escaped patient.

"You won't let them take me from you, will you?" said the poor thing, grasping his hand with painful earnestness.

Again his wife seemed to be looking at him out of those eyes. His wife's voice seemed to whisper through the room: "You must keep her, and be a father to her, for my sake."

"What is your name?" he asked. "Kate."

"I will never let them take you from me, Kate; but you must always do what I tell you; if you don't they will find you and take you away."

"And beat me again?"

"Yes, worse than ever."

Then he looked at the poor mangled body and dressed the wounds. I am writing of a time, happily past now, when the unfortunate inmates of lunatic asylums underwent horrors which it now sickens one to think of.

He made Kate lie down upon his bed and then casting himself on the floor, fell into a broken, uneasy sleep. Finally when the dawn had well come, and birds were talkative, he rose and went to look at his charge; she was sleeping as peacefully as a child, one hand half hidden in her long gold hair.

Mr. Rainger felt that something very precious and very beautiful had come to him, but what was he to do with it? Fortunately there was one person in the village who loved and trusted him, and whom he in return also loved and trusted. This person was not beautiful to look at, and also she was old. Her name was Martha. He resolved to take her into his confidence. She had nursed his wife through her long and fatal illness, and had been his friend ever since. Unwilling himself to leave the house, as soon as it was light he sent one of the boys of the village to Martha, asking her to come to him at once. She complied with his request, and, while Kate continued to sleep, Rainger and Mrs. Wakefield talked of what was to be done. One thing was clear, that, if possible, Kate's presence in the cottage must be kept a secret. Mrs. Wakefield would send in some fresh clothes for the poor girl, and when night came Rainger would take those which she now wore, and which seemed to him a badge of the asylum, and bury them in some wonderful caves close at hand, holding in their depths miles of night and of darkness. When Kate awoke Martha went to her, washed and dressed her, and shuddered over her poor, wounded body. When she was dressed she was brought to see Rainger. She bade him good morning, and put up her face to be kissed.

As a rule Rainger prepared his own breakfast; to day Mrs. Wakefield saved him that trouble. Kate's was taken to her in an inner room, lest any of the neighbors should catch sight of her in their passing by.

It was little work that Rainger got through that day, so occupied was he in studying his charge. Mrs. Wakefield had lent her a picture-book, which seemed to delight her. Once in the course of that day, when she was alone with Mrs. Wakefield, she said, fixing her eyes intently on that good woman, and speaking in a tone which, in its intensity, corresponded to the look in her eyes: "Where's Tom?"

She had heard Mrs. Wakefield call him by his Christian name.

"Do you want Tom, my pretty?" answered the widow.

"Yes, I want Tom," replied the girl, dreamily. Then she fell to looking at her hands, as if they had suddenly grown strange to her.

Mrs. Wakefield went for Rainger, who was not far off. The girl threw her arms about his neck, buried her face on his shoulder and sobbed and laughed by turns. Then she asked for the music, so he got his violin and played to her. As he played, it seemed as if her poor spirit, wandering in lands lit by dubious lights, echoing with unjoyful laughter and sad singing, haunted by shapes terrible and indescribable, was striving desperately and vainly to grope its way back to the land of reason and reality. What could there be to apprehend in her? She seemed strangely gentle. Her voice was very low, and had in it a subtle inner music which went right to the hearer's heart.

I cannot set forth in words the passion of tenderness with which Rainger thought of his new charge. When he was on the common he left her locked up in the house with doll or picture-book. So passed a couple of months.

One cold, wet, windy August night, a night when nature seemed shudderingly to realize the impending desolation of the end, Rainger lay asleep in the room adjoining the one oc-

cupied by Kate. He was a sound sleeper. Suddenly, however, he was awakened by some one shaking him violently. He started up to see Kate standing by his side. She carried a light in her hand, and her gold hair was all unbound. There was a look in her keen eyes that he had not seen there before—a look of protest and infinite horror—the look of an animal about to undergo some torture from which it knows there is no escape.

"What are you doing, Kate?" he asked; "has anything frightened you?"

She placed the light on the table and her fingers began working in one another. Then she said, in a tone of voice scarcely louder than a whisper:

"I am going to scream."

She had scarcely uttered the words when she flung back her head and stretched out her hands, while from her lips there broke a shriek so terrible, so unearthly, as to make the blood of any one who heard it turn cold. It was a cry which seemed to rend the sense of hearing. It was so wild, so unlike anything ever heard before, that it suggested some new agony of body and soul—a fresh discovery in the realms of torture.

Fortunately, there was no cottage within a mile of Rainger's. He came near her, but she sprang at him like a wild thing, her eyes flashing, her lips drawn back and showing her gleaming teeth. At length breath failing, she fell to the ground, where she lay cowering as if she expected every moment to feel the stroke of a rod. It was clear that she was liable to these terrible and dangerous outbreaks of insanity. Before morning she was taken with another wild fit of screaming, after which she grew strangely quiet, and then fell asleep.

When she awoke she was again the gentle, trusting, childlike Kate.

"What if such a fit should take her in the daytime?" thought Rainger, and he shuddered. Every day she seemed to cling more and more to her protector, whom only she and the old woman loved.

Often, for long hours together, he would hold her slight form clasped against his heart, as if she had been his child, her bright head leaning upon his shoulder. He told her fairy tales and simple rhymes, of which she liked the sound; but most of all she delighted in hearing him play. He was seen less and less at the Three Jolly Boys, and became still more unpopular. Then people grew curious to know how and where he spent his evenings.

One evening a man stole to his cottage door. It was closed, but the man thought he could hear Rainger talking to himself; he was telling Kate a story.

For four months the patient search had been made for the escaped mad girl, but with no good result. It often happens that when we have searched long and diligently for some object, and have at last given it up as lost for ever, we come upon it by accident when there is no thought of it in our minds.

So chanced it with Doctor Prince, a shrewd, hard, implacable-looking man. He had quite given up the hope of finding his escaped patient, when fate led him to the very place where she was. The doctor, who enjoyed bodily exercise, was returning on foot one evening to the asylum. His way lay over the common. He had counted on a moonlight walk, but instead of moonlight, a fog fell over everything—a fog, too, that wetted one like rain. Doctor Prince was perplexed to know what course he should take, when to the left of him he spied a gleam of light, which proceeded from Rainger's cottage. The doctor gave thanks for it, and, pushing open the gate, stood in the little garden, which, because of the season, smelt then only of decay. "A pest on these November fogs," thought the doctor, before rapping at the door. Then he stood there arrested by what he heard from within, though what he heard was simply a man's voice saying:

"Well, when the good fairy saw how sad little Alice was, with no books, no pretty pictures, no nice dresses, and no dolls—"

Then a girl's voice, questioningly: "Didn't she have any dolls?"

Then the man again: "No; no dolls at all, not one."

Then the girl: "Did she have any music?"

"No; no music, either."

"Then she must have been a very sad little girl!"

"So she was; but let me tell you what the good fairy did."

"It must be she!" ejaculated Doctor Prince.

"I should know that voice anywhere. Run to earth at last, my dear."

Without more delay he knocked on the cottage-door. The man left off talking, and said "Hush!" in a low tone of voice; then feet moved across the floor and a door shut. Then the door that led from the garden into the sitting-room was opened by Rainger.

"I have lost my way most hopelessly in this horrible fog," began the doctor; "and, catching sight of your friendly light, I thought you might be able to oblige me with the loan of a lantern."

The unsuspecting photographer replied that he should be happy to supply the desired object; and, while he was getting it ready, the doctor came in, sat down and made himself at home. There was something in him that Rainger mistrusted and disliked.

"You live here alone?" questioned the newcomer.

No answer.

"I say, you live here alone."

"Yes, I live here alone."

"I thought when I came to the door I heard voices."

Mr. Rainger stopped in preparing the lantern, raised his eyes, fixed them on the stranger's face, and said, insolently it must be owned:

"Perhaps you did and perhaps you didn't. What business is it of yours whether I speak the truth or not?"

"As it happens," answered the doctor, "it

is my very special business. I believe—nay, am almost certain—that you have concealed in this house a dangerous and escaped lunatic, for whom the closest search has been made."

"That's nonsense!" returned the other, brusquely, busying himself with the lantern. "There is no escaped lunatic here."

"I am sorry to doubt your word," replied the doctor, "but, really—" and as quick as lightning he darted to the door of the adjoining room and opened it. At the same time a shape sprang from it, rushed past him, and, falling at Rainger's feet, implored him wildly to take care of her and not to give her up.

Doctor Prince looked on with a satisfied smile—he had recaptured his victim.

"It's too late to remove the patient to-night," he said. "I will send for her in the morning. I assure you, my friend, she will be well punished for this." And his cruel eyes gleamed.

"I'll keep her against the whole gang of you," answered Rainger, sullenly. "Have no fear, my darling; they shall not touch you."

"She will be removed as early as possible in the course of to-morrow," said Doctor Prince, quietly. "I shall pass to-night at Thornton;" and, taking up the lantern, he walked out into the night.

Rainger closed the door after him and locked it. Then he sat down and considered what he could do and Kate crouched beside him, crying from time to time, "Oh, Tom, save me!"

"Yes, my love, yes," he answered, "I will save you still;" but he asked himself, "How?"

At one time he thought of getting out his wandering house and driving her away in it; but what good would that be? They would be followed and soon found. What was there to be done? He had always prided himself on being a man of resource, yet now he seemed resourceless. Presently he got up and went into the garden. A strong, keen wind had sprung up, and had wholly scattered the fog. The cold air was radiant with moonlight.

He walked up and down sorely distracted as to what he should do. Suddenly he stopped in his walk and exclaimed, "Yes, better even than that to give her up to them." He took another turn to and fro; then he went on. Kate was sitting just where he had left her, her face buried in her hands.

"Kate," he said, "I can save you if you will do just what I tell you."

"I will be good," she answered.

Shortly after this a man, powerfully built, though somewhat low in stature, and a slightly made girl might have been seen walking together in the direction of the noted Thornton caves, in which once Druid priests had performed their dread sacrificial rites. The girl carried a violin case, the man carried a lantern and a spade. The two soon reached the mouth of the caves.

"Where are we going?" asked Kate.

"In here, dear," he answered.

She sprang back, saying, "It looks so dark in there, I'm frightened."

"It won't be dark with this," he said, turning up his lantern to the full. "In here you are safe. Here they will never find you."

"Are you quite sure they won't find me?"

"Quite sure; bend your head very low. There, that's it; you can stand up now."

They were in the everlasting night and

Winter of the Thornton caves. Indeed in that mighty darkness the rays of the lantern seemed just a faint protest of light.

The ground was thickly covered with sand, which rendered their steps noiseless. In parts this sand collected in drifts, forming regular hills.

"I am frightened," she said, beginning to cry. "I want the music."

Giving her the lantern to carry, he took the violin from its case and began playing, and so he drew her on as Orpheus drew his Eurydice. The caves are cold and the caves are dark. They stretch for miles, and wind as snakes wind.

At length they reach a remote part. Rainger leaves off playing, and restores the violin to its case.

"Kate, my own darling," he says, drawing her close to him, "I love you, as I should have loved her child and mine."

"What are you crying for?" she asks, putting her hands to his eyes, from which, indeed, the tears are falling fast. "I'll be good; don't cry, Tom," and she lays her face caressingly against his.

He draws one arm away and feels for something in his coat—a flash, a sharp report a whizz of something through the air, a puff of smoke, a cry, a thud on the sand—then absolute silence.

Rainger stood for several minutes without moving; then he took the lantern from the ledge of rock where he had placed it, and, kneeling down by the fallen form, looked closely at the face, and felt pulse and heart. Yes, she was past all earthly detection, all earthly dread. He replaced the heavy old-fashioned pistol in his coat, and using the spade he had brought with him, dug under a projecting slab of rock a rough grave, wherein he reverently laid the fair body.

"God bless you," he said, as he turned away from her he had loved so well. He was at home in these caves, as very few people were, so that he had no trouble in retracing his way to the entrance. Oh! the deserted little cottage to which he returned! Kate's empty bed; Kate's empty chair! Still he said to himself that it had been the only way. He had loved her too well to let her live for suffering worse than many deaths could be.

The next day, with a force of keepers, Doctor Prince presented himself at Rainger's cottage.

"I have come to remove my patient," he said.

To which answered Rainger, "She has removed herself; the bird has flown out of the cage. Look long enough and perhaps you will find her."

It was a strange case; but, after all, what

evidence could be alleged against Rainger unpopular as the man was? I, however, think that his trust was well kept.

SUMMER IN THE CATSKILLS.

HO for the Catskills! the dreamy, beautiful Catskills! Ho for that scenery that may not be surpassed in wondrous loveliness! Ho for the air that fills the lungs and refills them! Ho for the atmosphere that mixes with the blood like an elixir, and is the very champagne of life! The Catskills! The very name possesses a bouquet such as connoisseurs look for in old and precious vintage. Ten hours from New York! Can it be possible? Ten hours rendered so short by the exquisite scenery through which the pleasure pilgrims pass as to seem but "the froth of an idle hour." The sabbath, and his name is Legion, can leave Pier 34, North River, New York, at 4 P. M., by either the *Thomas Cornell* or the *James W. Sullivan*—palatial boats both—and, starting at anchor at Rondout, breakfast, and sleep at 8 A. M. for Stamford, on the Ulster and Delaware Road, climbing 1,800 feet in less than three hours, striking the Grand Hotel by stage within five minutes from quitting the cars in time for a luncheon that would tempt an anchorite. Every Saturday afternoon a special Ulster County express of palace Pullmans leaves the Erie stations—Twenty-third and Chambers Streets—penetrating the Catskills to their extreme limit, and returning by the same route in time for the business day of Monday. The Walkill Valley branch of the Erie, with two daily express trains, also reaches many charming resorts in the southern portion of Ulster County.

On Saturdays a special boat leaves Pier 34 at one o'clock, P. M. This is the husband and lover's boat—*patet families*, laden with home-life parcels; Edwin, borne down by the awful responsibility of bouquets and *marriage glances*. What a glorious trip on the lordly Hudson! Past the rock ribbed Palisades; past the dimpled hills of Nyack; past the stern grandeur of the Highlands; past the grim defile at West Point; past the beautiful bay of Newburg; past the rugged Poughkeepsie, till the Catskills loom up in ghastly tracery against the golden-harred sky, till Rondout is reached, where the panting locomotive is in readiness to tug the ardent travelers up! up! up! to the kisses and smiles of sweethearts and wives.

The scenery along the line of the Ulster and Delaware road is simply magnificent. The Overlook Mountain, the "Sentinel of the Catskills"; West Henly, from whence one gets a peep at mountains in seven different States; Shokan "at the gateway of the Catskills, with High Point, 3,100 feet high in air, on guard like a sturdy sentry. A few minutes and the "Grand Eutaw," 700 feet above the sea level, is struck, the delightful views ever changing; Wittenberg and Mount Cornell doing woman's service. Phoenicia is a pretty little place, and very proud of its Isaac Walton, Dr. Winter, to whom all fishermen should make obeisance. At Shandaken, 1,060 feet up the line, ice is to be found all the summer in the notch. Big Indian is next reached, thirty-six miles from Rondout, and 1,200 feet above the Hudson. Here the Titanic grandeur of the mountains begins to make itself felt. Come after cone, rising in gigantic waves till the eye feasts on a panorama so extensive and so unique as to bewilder while it fascinates. Summit Station, 1,886 feet above tide-water, and forty-one miles from Rondout, is at length again reached, where stages drawn by six spanking horses bow the pilgrims in less than eight minutes up to the imposing piazzas of the Grand Hotel. What kissings and huggings and hand-shakings and suppressed cries of delight, as the bread-winners and the lovers meet those whom they love "best of all." What unloading of parcels! What queries cut short by the booming roar of the gong announcing the thrice-welcome supper—a supper worthy of Delmonico, and provided with a Catskill sauce called "Hunger."

The Grand Hotel is indeed worthy of its name. It stands like a great, white bird with outstretched wings on Summit Mountain, one of the most prominent peaks of the Catskills. The guests, as they stand in merry groups on the piazza 2,500 feet above the level of the sea, and a million feet above the cares of the small world of New York, can gaze at Slide Mountain, 4,220 feet high, the "boss" of the Catskills; Panther, 3,800; Table, 3,300, with other lesser mountains too numerous to mention; and at twelve miles of the beautiful Shandaken Valley. Behind the hotel, leaning over it, stands Summit, the ascent from the house being but 257 feet, "a thing to be done, sir."

In repairing to the Grand Hotel the dreary, dusty, hot stage drive is done away with, and five minutes of a spanking spin replaces so many hours of misery. The *façade* of the hotel is singularly imposing from its towers and bay-windows, and its 350 feet of a piazza. The parlors, reception and dining rooms would pass the critical Oscar, while the bedrooms, with closets, baths, electric bells, etc., etc., are a veritable revelation. With fine stairways, with gas, steam, telegraphic and postal communication, a special wire to Wall Street; with the New York papers laid on the tables at 10 A. M., with a table luxuriously set and a cook who is a *cordon bleu*; with a courteous and attentive manager and with civil waiters—what more can any heat and heat-oppressed citizen or Gotham ask for, and what better can be done during the summer and fall than take himself and his belongings to the Grand Hotel on the top of the Summit Mountain in the dreamy Catskills? Our illustration represents a bevy of ladies engaged in saying "Au revoir" to the bread-winners as the latter regretfully turn their faces to the "shadow of the big city."

THE CHARMS OF SWORDFISHING.

NOW that whaling has to so large an extent ceased to be the important industry it once was, the most exciting sport which the hardy fishermen of Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard find left to them is the catching of swordfish. The name of this fish describes its most peculiar feature, the possession of a long and sharp sword attached to the snout, and, although it cuts but a small figure beside the whale in point of size, it does not yield to the more ponderous denizen of the deep in the reckless daring with which it fights for life when attacked. A schooner designed for the capture of swordfish is provided with a "pulpit," which is the name given to a little platform built on the extreme point of the bowsprit, about three and one-half feet in height, and having a semi-circular iron strap, supported by stanchions. When a fish is sighted by the lookout, who stands on a sort of platform affixed to the head of the foremast, the vessel is brought as near as possible, and then the captain takes his place on the "pulpit," armed with a harpoon. The barb of the harpoon, which is about six inches in length, is backed with an iron pocket in which the iron shank rests, and the shank is attached to the vessel by a short line by which it is freed from the fish when he is struck. In order to secure a great swordfish the barb must be driven right through him. Then when the shank comes out and the line is pulled taut, the barb "toggles on," as the fishermen call it—that is to say, it catches on the other side, and no effort of the victim will free him from the line. When the fish feels the sharp iron penetrating his flesh, he usually springs half out of the sea, then plunges back into the depths and makes off so fast that water has to be poured over the line attached to the harpoon as it runs out from the boat to prevent its catching fire. When the fish finally comes to a standstill the men begin to draw in the line. Sometimes all will go well

until the monster is brought alongside, while, again, the fish, after being drawn well in, will dash off afresh with such speed that the men hauling the line will be shot over the side into the sea. Even when he has finally been dragged near the vessel, the fish may suddenly summon all his energy and rush upon the craft with a violence which will shake it from stem to stern, and if he succeeds in lifting it with his sword, may drive a hole through which the water will pour in. Gradually, however, his strength is exhausted with the constant loss of blood, and at last he is hauled alongside, when two iron "landers," resembling boat hooks, and having curved steel hooks at the extremities, are handed over the side and thrust into his gills. By the use of these his great head is held, while a stalwart sailor climbs down over the side with the "thumper," a weapon between a tomahawk and a sledge-hammer, and gives him a series of ponderous blows between the eyes, despite his struggles. Then a great hook is got over his side, extending, crescent-shaped tail, the throat harpards are hauled in, and the fish is hoisted aboard, although he may yet make one or two desperate leaps before he dies. When several fish are sighted at once, a crew will not wait for the death of one before attacking another, but buoy him by means of a water-tight barrel, having a ring attached to two lines wound tightly around it. This is bent into the line as it is run out by the fish, and then the barrel is thrown overboard. The fish is always puzzled to make out what this means, but all his struggles to escape from it prove fruitless, and at last the barrel floats calmly upon the water, pointing out to the fishermen where their victim lies. A good sized swordfish is fifteen feet in length, and weighs about 700 pounds. Fine, juicy steaks are secured from it, which command a good price in the market, and a schooner which has good fortune off the Nantucket coast can carry to Boston a load which will well repay the crew.

A CHAT WITH A SURF-WARDEN.

THAT there are mermaids on our coast can no longer be doubted, and very fascinating mermaids, too; who, however, do not carry pocket mirrors and reserve the combing of their long hair for dry land. The pleasant astonishment of the worthy son of Neptune who keeps watch and ward over adventurous bathers, as these merry denizens of the deep come suddenly to the surface and use his boat as a "sweet resting place." The mermaids do nothing to him, nor do they seek to induce him to dive to caves beneath the sea; but they speak to him in that facetious language known as "chaff," and ere long the wrinkles in his sun-kissed face become the deeper for smiling, while a grim spirit of gallantry compels him to respond to their tauntings and enter into the spirit of the fun. It is not impossible—nay, it is more than probable—that the mermaid most often will use her dainty right hand as a splasher, and that the sturdy old salt will receive his valediction in the form of splashings from the briny. A few minutes' "chaff" and they return to the vasty deep, their joyous laughter echoing over the luminous waves.

PROGRESS OF EVENTS IN EGYPT.

WE refer elsewhere to the political aspects of the situation in Egypt, and give here an outline of the progress of events after the bombardment of Alexandria. It was some days before the conflagrations were entirely suppressed and the hordes of pillagers reduced to subjection, but the summary execution of several barbarous murderers at last convinced the mob that the English were in earnest. Arabi's forces appear to have been much demoralized when he fled from Alexandria, but the failure to pursue enabled him to regain his power. His scouts have been seen at Ramleh, only seven miles from Alexandria, and a reconnaissance by British officers showed that his positions were very strong and his forces increasing. He has diverted the Mahmoudieh fresh-water canal, which supplies the city with water, but in such a way that enough is left to last for some time. He is recruiting his ranks by promises of unlimited plunder, and by warnings that the English will kill all who return to Alexandria.

Arabi continues to exercise all the functions of Minister of War, and replaces officials who do not support him with men of his own party. Many Europeans have been brutally massacred in the interior, and even natives who acted as their servants were butchered. The Italian consul at Zagazig has been killed. Almost all the Europeans have fled from Cairo. Port Said is filled with European refugees, who for some days were at the mercy of the Arabs, but British vessels were finally sent to that point. The Khedive's course is as halting and devious as ever. Several persons who have been intimately connected with Arabi have been much at the palace, and he apparently shrinks from exerting what little authority he possesses against the rebel. The long hesitation of the Porte has, at last, been ended by its announcement that it is ready to participate in a new conference, although it still declines to send troops to Egypt, on the ground that it has not yet been convinced that rigorous measures are unavoidable.

In Alexandria there is no chance of a resumption of business for at least three months. The city is not yet freed entirely from the disorderly elements which came in after the bombardment. It may be two or three years before the prosperity that existed in the country early this year will be restored. The taxes will fall badly into arrear, and the condition of the lower classes in Egypt will be wretched. The outbreak prevents the agricultural preparations for next year, and famine is likely to be the lot of the Fellahs.

Sir Garnet Wolseley will command the British expedition to Egypt, which will consist of 20,000 of all arms.

Facts of Interest.

A MAN in Rome, Ga., who has been experimenting in extracting sugar from watermelons, finds that they contain seven per cent. of saccharine matter, or pure sugar, and estimates that an acre of good land would produce 34,500 pounds of melons, from which 2,415 pounds of sugar could be extracted, worth, at 10 cents, \$241.50.

NEXT to California, Australia is the most productive of gold-bearing countries. The gold-bearing territory of Victoria alone is estimated at 28,000 square miles; of New South Wales, 13,650, and of Queensland, 14,600 square miles. As in the Rocky Mountain mining districts, gold is found both in quartz-rock and placers; but, like the mines of California, those of Australia are becoming every year less productive.

TWO MEMBERS of the ancient gypsy tribes of the Coopers and Taylors were married with Protestant rites at St. Mary's Church, East Moulsay, in England, the other day. Prior to the marriage ceremony a baby belonging to the Cooper family was baptized. The church was crowded with gypsies, who were in the neighborhood in great numbers to attend the Hampton races. Almost all the gypsies present were profusely decorated with wild flowers.

THE census returns give one hundred and fifty-five million pounds as the amount of wool clipped from thirty-five million sheep in the United States in the Spring of 1880. This shows encouraging progress since 1870, when the reported clip was a hundred million pounds from twenty-eight million sheep. Nearly a fourth of the entire production of 1880 is returned from two States—namely, Ohio, which is credited with twenty-five million pounds of wool and three million sheep, and California,

which shows nearly seventeen million pounds of wool and four million sheep.

DR. STANFORD E. CHAILLE, a prominent New Orleans physician, has published an article in a medical journal to show the effect of the Mississippi floods on the health of the city. He presents the mortality statistics of twelve overflows, including in each case the deaths for the year, and for the preceding year, and for the following one. After a careful examination of the history, facts and opinions, he concludes that these "fail to indicate that the partial inundations of New Orleans have ever influenced unfavorably its mortality, whether by yellow fever, by cholera, by malarial fevers, or by diseases generally. On the contrary, the evidence, though imperfect and not fully conclusive, justifies the inference that the deposit and decomposition of filth, and any other promoters of disease which may be due directly to inundations, are more than counterbalanced by the flood, which first covers up the soil, from whence springs so much disease, and then helps to cleanse it.

CIRCULATING libraries of an entirely new description are about to be started at St. Petersburg. A society has been founded to supply the trams of that city with daily newspapers and illustrated weeklies. Passengers who use them are to drop into a box a copeck for each paper they read. No watch is to be kept over the box, the payment being left to the honor of the readers.

PLANTERS in Jamaica have ceased to devote their whole energies to the production of sugar. They have now begun to introduce cinchona with great profit, and they have lately done much to make vanilla, cocoa and other indigenous plants of commercial value. Besides oranges, bananas, pineapples, limes, mangoes, and other fruits, grapes are now grown for export.

DURING the year 1881, according to the Registrar-General's report, 139 persons for every 100,000 of the population of Scotland died of old age, and only 111 for every 100,000 of the population of England.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Egyptian Events Illustrated.

Our illustrations of the crisis in Egypt for the most part explain themselves. The illustration of the flight of refugees from Alexandria after the massacre of June 11th is particularly vivid. The panic occasioned by this murderous affair was general, and hundreds of families blocked the streets with their goods and chattels in their struggle to reach the boats by which they could be carried to the vessels of refuge in the harbor. One picture represents the scene at the Custom House, showing the boats, freighted with old men and women, young children, favorite birds, dogs and cats, household effects of all descriptions and all kinds of old furniture. One family seemed to cherish a washstand; another an old clock; chairs, tables, bedding, water-bottles—all pitched in pell mell, made up most grotesque boat-loads. After the riots of June 11th, all the banks in Alexandria were secured, so as to offer resistance when occasion should demand. The Bank of Egypt had all its doors and windows boarded and filled in with brick and mortar; and, in the subsequent rioting and pillaging of the city, a gallant and successful defense was made by the bank officers and a number of Europeans. The defense of the Alexandrian forts showed that the Egyptian troops were by no means as inefficient as they have been supposed to be. Up to the time of the bombardment the troops in the earthworks were drilled daily, their movements exciting great interest in the English fleet. The war preparations in England are continued with great energy, and troops are being dispatched from Fort Mout and elsewhere with all possible haste. The departure of the first contingent from Portsmouth was marked by great excitement and enthusiasm, the populace crowding to the water's edge and cheering lustily as the troop-ships sailed away.

The City of Cairo.

The latest reports from Egypt indicate that the city of Cairo may become the scene of disorders scarcely less violent than those from which Alexandria has so severely suffered. The populace are said to be wild and threatening, and there was a fear that the European part of the city might be burned. In view of the important part which the city may play as the scene of future operations, the following description of it will be of interest: The situation of Cairo is picturesque, lying as it does partly on the slope, partly at the foot of the hill range of the Mokattam, surrounded by groups of palm-trees and mimosa. The central part of the background is filled by a wood of palms, stretching into the distance. Near to this, on the right, rise the giant structures of the pyramids of Ghizeh. The cemeteries, or cities of tombs, outside the ancient walls, greatly add to the picturesque appearance of Cairo's surroundings, a mosque with beautiful minarets being attached to each tomb. Cairo is built in an old Arabian Saracenic style, without any mixture of Western forms in the older parts. The houses are lofty, flat-roofed, having numerous projections, and windows with narrow wooden gratings. No two are alike, no attempt is made at symmetry, yet the whole is most harmonious. The public streets are merely crooked lanes, few of them being ten feet broad; and some of the by streets so narrow that two persons may shake hands from the upper windows. However, nearly all the streets, although not paved, are kept clean, and their narrowness affords shelter from the great heat in summer, and against the cold winds of winter. The modern quarters of the town, beyond the ancient city walls, have a thorough French appearance, and the chief square, El Esbekah, which is laid out as a garden, is surrounded with a number of palaces and fine mansions. The most interesting edifices of Cairo are the mosques, of which it possesses four hundred, many in ruins, but a good number still in repair and in daily use. The most prominent buildings, in a general view of the city, are those of the citadel, towering over the lower parts of the town, and comprising the mint, an arsenal, the new mosque, and the marble palace. The palace and gardens of Shoobra lie about four miles to the north of the city, the road to which, along the banks of the Nile (shown in our illustration), is shaded with lofty sycamores. This splendid country-seat of Mehemet Ali is begun with exquisitely laid out grounds, which are irrigated from the Nile. In its immediate vicinity are other villas; whilst the magnificent palace and gardens built by Ibrahim Pasha, and used as a summer residence of the present Khedive, are situated between Boulaq and Cairo.

The Imperial Christening at Potsdam.

The new palace at Potsdam is one of the finest of the imperial residences. In the northeast apartment of this palace—Jasper Gallery—at two o'clock in the afternoon of June 11th, was christened the son of Prince William, born on the 7th of May. The christening font, the same as used for the baptism of the Crown Prince and of pure gold, served on this auspicious occasion. The apartment was one vast blaze of uniforms and brilliants. To the moment arrived the guests, who filed in to await the illustrious personages for whom the event was of most interest. As the clock struck two, four generations of the house of Hohenzollern occupied the sanctuary; the Emperor William, the great grandfather, the Crown Prince Frederick William, the grandfather, Prince William, the father, and the important personage of the day, the infant Prince Frederick William Victor August Ernest. It was a noble and gracious sight, and one that may never be forgotten by those who were present to witness it.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE Census Bureau of Japan reports for 1881 nearly 900,000 births and about 800,000 deaths.

—THE fourth yearly session of the School of Philosophy at Concord, Mass., opened last week.

—SINCE the hot season began, sixty-four ship captains have died of yellow fever at the different Cuban ports.

—A SEVERE drought prevails in the West Indies, and Kingston, Jamaica, is suffering from a scarcity of water.

—MEMPHIS, TENN., is endeavoring to get up a silk culturists' convention, to be held some time in the Autumn.

—A COUPLE of notoriety-seekers were married in a balloon at Topeka, Kas., recently, and afterwards took a little bridal trip into cloudland.

—THE Utah Commission met and organized at Chicago last week. The first session in Utah will probably not be held before September.

—A REGISTERED letter was sent from Baltimore to London last week which contained over a million dollars in bonds and other securities.

—THE latest enumeration of Japan's military forces shows 43,700 men in the standing army, including the Imperial Guard and 58,000 reserves.

—A CHINAMAN was married to an American girl by a Christian minister in Augusta, Ga., last week, being the second marriage of the kind that has occurred there.

—A NEGRO woman who died at Atlanta, Ga., last week, confessed before her death that she had poisoned three men, one a preacher of a colored church.

—A PRIEST has been married in Honduras, much to the annoyance of the Ultramontanists and to the satisfaction of the Liberals, who advocate the marriage of the clergy.

—CHICAGO has just opened an institution for the reformation of inebriate and opium eating women, called the Martha Washington Department of the Washingtonian Home.

—THE water supply of Boston is so bad this summer that about \$500 a day is paid for spring-water, which is sold by the glass from wagons on the leading thoroughfares.

—THE Rhine, which in February shrank to the lowest level known during the present century, rose steadily during the month of June, and has now attained a very high point.

—THE Fire Commissioners of Boston have provided each hook and ladder truck in the department with surgical instruments, lint, bandages, etc., for use in case of injury to firemen.

—MANY years ago four doctors of Erie, Pa., agreed that a sick man on whose case they held a consultation could not live twenty-four hours. Since then he has attended the funerals of three of the doctors.

—AN inexhaustible mine of corundum stone, the next hardest known substance to the diamond, has been discovered in Butts County, Ga. It resembles the sapphire, is susceptible of high polish, and is valuable in many ways.

—THE Roman Catholic Bishop of Brooklyn has suspended the priest of the little church at Coney Island for accepting the gate-money taken in one day at the Brighton Beach race-course, and has sent back the entire amount, \$2,000.

—CHOLERA increases slowly in and about Tokio and Yokohama, Japan. Its ravages are not confined to the poorer classes, several high officials having been attacked. The daughter of Prince Arisugawa, the Emperor's uncle, died after a brief illness.

—THE commercial travelers of the country held their annual convention at St. Louis a few days ago, and voted to bring all possible pressure to bear upon Senators and Representatives in favor of the Bill now before Congress doing away with local taxes on drummers.

—A CURIOUS feature of all social gatherings in Ireland just now is the large attendant muster of police and detectives, the protectors of the various magistrates who are recreating themselves. Lawn tennis is played, tea is drunk, dinners are eaten, under police protection, and apparently none the less enjoyed.

—JUDON ADVOCATE-GENERAL SWAIN has submitted his report on the petition of Sergeant Mason's counsel for the release of his client on the ground that he is illegally confined. General Swain adheres strictly to the views expressed in his original report on this case, that the proceedings of the court martial were irregular and illegal.

—A BAND of fifty revolutionists captured the town of Tonala, Chiapas, Mexico, last week, overpowered the gendarmes and released all the prisoners in the jail and armed them. Captain Santa Ana Gauxman, with eighty gendarmes, afterwards charged on the revolutionists, who retreated after several of their number were killed and many wounded.

—THE infant son of Melvin Smith, a wealthy citizen of Montreal, was abducted from the nursery one night last week, and a letter was left behind threatening the child with death in two days unless a ransom of \$10,000 was paid for his restoration, but the missing youngster was found alone on a doorstep about a mile from home on the following night.

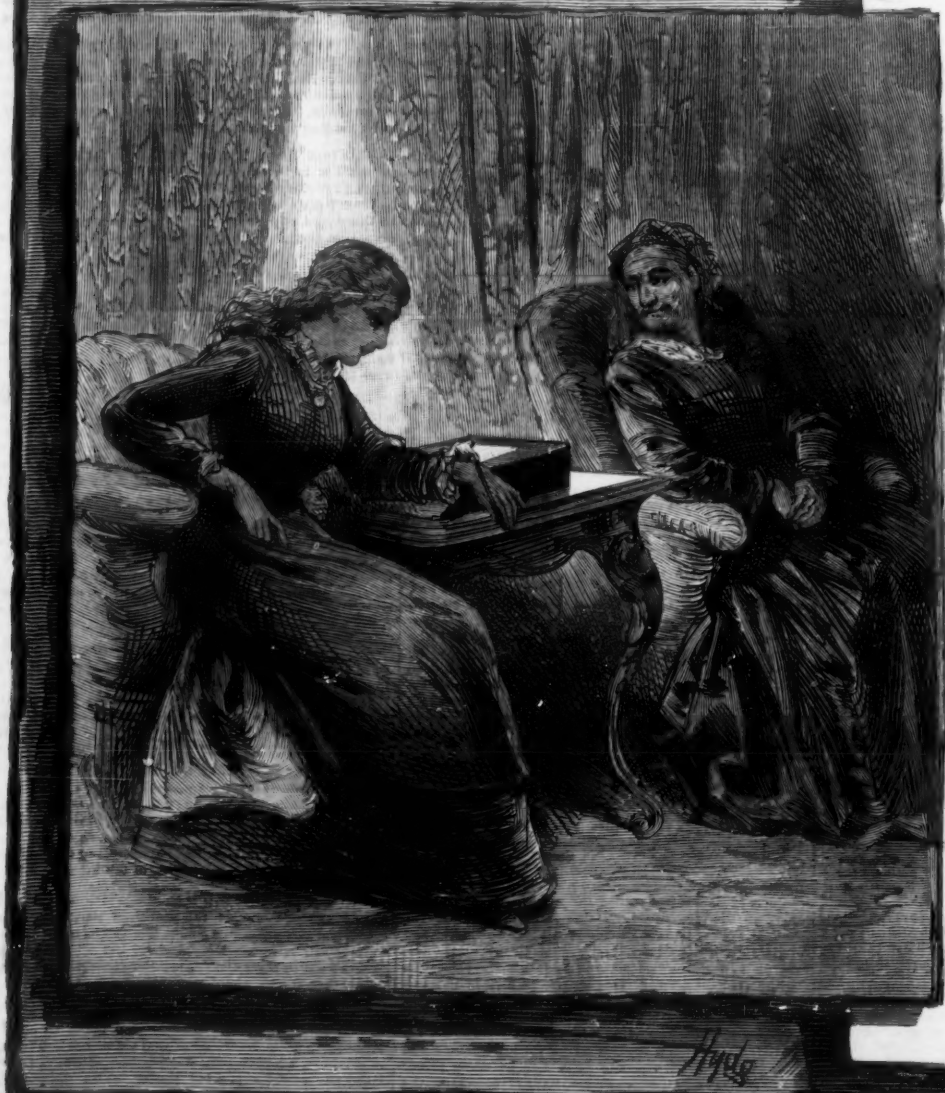
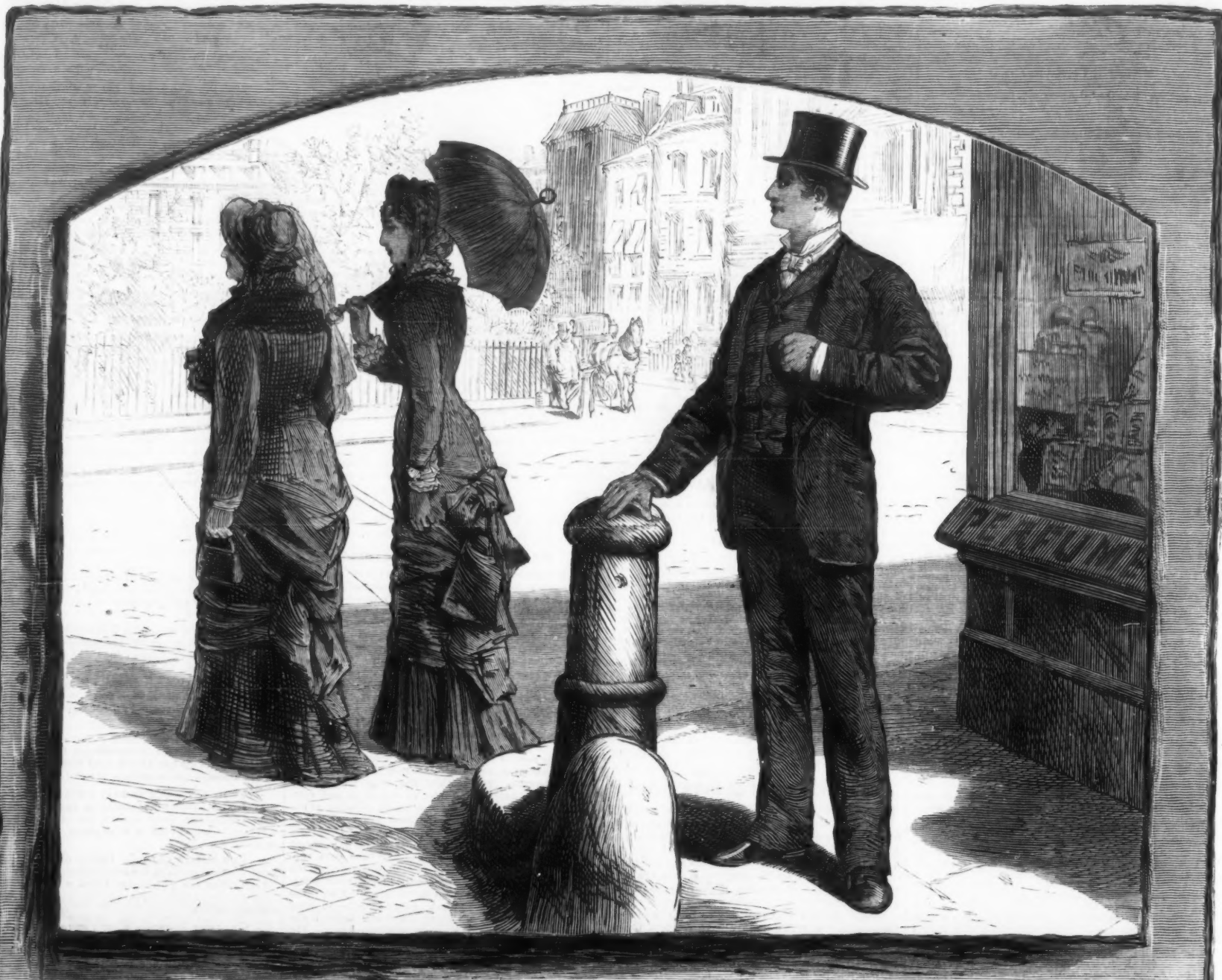
—A POWERFUL electric light on the steamer *Rosebud* created an immense sensation among the Indians at Fort Berthold, in Dakota. The light was turned upon a group on the shore, when they were paralyzed for a moment, and then they sat up a dismal chant, lay down and rolled and were with difficulty pacified. They called it the white man's big moon medicine.

—PEOPLE who go to Epsom during the Derby week are accustomed to throw coins to the children in the South Metropolitan Schools at Sutton, and all supposed that the children were allowed to keep the money. It appears, however, that this is not the case, and the £140 received during the recent meeting has passed into the hands of the managers of the school.

—THE Supreme Court of Errors of Connecticut last week decided that women are eligible to admission as attorneys and that their sex is no bar. The case arose from the application of Miss Mary Hall, of Hartford. She had passed a satisfactory examination as to her legal qualifications, but the lower court reserved the question of her eligibility for the opinion of the higher court.

—THE Ohio Republican Association of Washington are considering the project of purchasing Garfield's former residence in that city and using it as a State headquarters. Mrs. Garfield has offered in case this is done to place the library in exactly the same condition that it was when occupied by General Garfield as his study while he was a Representative in Congress.

—Now that this country has decided to send a Minister to Siam, the King of that nation has determined to establish a legation at Washington. General Halderman, the newly appointed United States Minister, has received a letter from the King's private secretary announcing that he has appointed his cousin, His Highness Morn Chow Prisdang, as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court at Washington.



Heart and Science

A Story of the Present Time.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

[The Right of Translation is Reserved.]

CHAPTER I.

THE weary old nineteenth century had advanced into the last twenty years of its life.

Towards two o'clock in the afternoon, Ovid Vere (of the Royal College of Surgeons) stood at the window of his consulting-room in London, looking out at the Summer sunshine and the quiet dusty street.

He had received a warning, familiar to the busy men of our time—the warning from overwrought Nature, which counsels rest after excessive work. With a prosperous career before him, he had been compelled (at only thirty-one years of age) to ask a colleague to take charge of his practice, and to give the brain which he had cruelly wearied a rest of some months to come. On the next day he had arranged to embark for the Mediterranean in a friend's yacht.

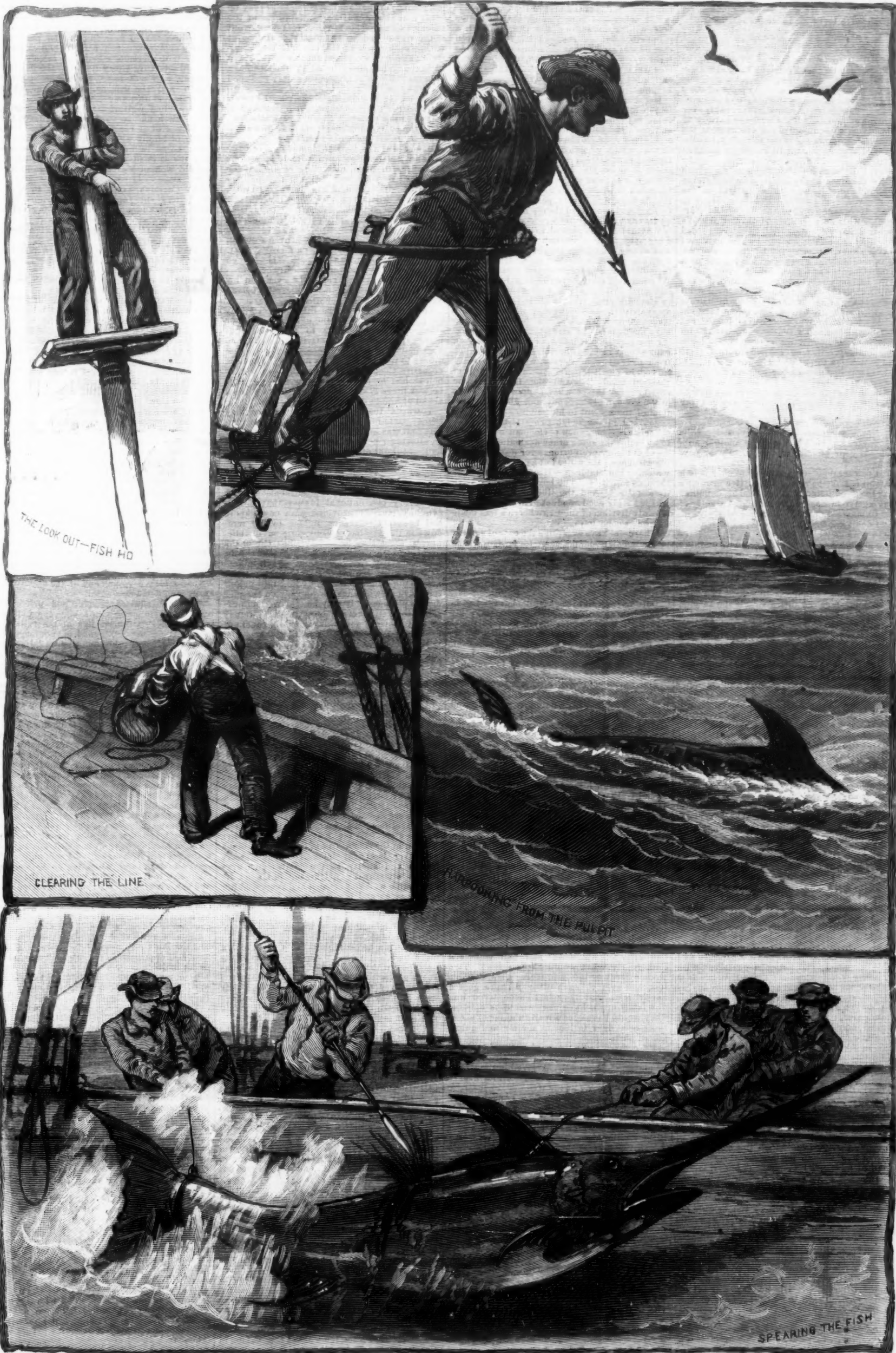
An active man, devoted heart and soul to his profession, is not a man who can learn the happy knack of being idle at a moment's notice. Ovid found the mere act of looking out of window, and wondering what he should do next, more than he had patience to endure.

He turned to his study-table. If he had possessed a wife to look after him he would have been reminded that he and his study-table had nothing in common, under present circumstances. Being deprived of conjugal superintendence, he broke through his own rules. His restless hand unlocked a drawer and took out a manuscript work on medicine of his own writing.

"Surely," he thought, "I may finish a chapter before I go to sea to-morrow."

His head, steady enough while he was only looking out of window, began to swim before he had got to the bottom of a page. The last sentences of the unfinished chapter alluded to a matter of fact which he had not yet verified. In emergencies of any sort he was a patient man and a man of resource. The necessary verification could be accomplished by a visit to the College of Surgeons, situated in the great square called Lincoln's Inn-fields. Here was a motive for a walk—with an occupation at the end of it, which only involved a

WILKIE COLLINS'S STORY, "HEART AND SCIENCE."—1. "HE DREW ASIDE TO LET THEM PASS. THE GIRL'S EYES AND HIS EYES MET. ONLY A GLANCE, AND ITS INFLUENCE HELD HIM FOR LIFE." 2. "CARMINA TOOK UP THE PEN AND LAID IT DOWN AGAIN WITH A SIGH. 'WE ONLY ARRIVED LAST NIGHT,' SHE PLEADED."



RHODE ISLAND.—SWORDFISHING OFF BLOCK ISLAND—A FAVORITE SPORT OF NEW ENGLAND SAILORS.
FROM SKETCHES BY JOSEPH BECKER.—SEE PAGE 359.

question to a Curator and an examination of a Specimen. He looked up his manuscript and set forth forth for Lincoln's Inn-fields.

CHAPTER II.

WHEN two friends happen to meet in the street, do they ever look back along the procession of small circumstances which has led them both, from the starting point of their own houses, to the same spot, at the same time? Not one man in ten thousand has probably ever thought of making such a fantastic inquiry as this. And, consequently, not one man in ten thousand, living in the midst of reality, has discovered that he is also living in the midst of romance.

From the moment when the young surgeon closed the door of his house, he was walking blindfold on his way to a patient in the future, who was personally still a stranger to him. He never reached the College of Surgeons. He never embarked on his friend's yacht. What were the obstacles which turned him aside from the course he had in view? Nothing but a series of trivial circumstances, occurring in the every day experience of a man who goes out for a walk.

He had only reached the next street, when the first of the circumstances presented itself in the shape of a friend's carriage, which drew up at his side. A bright, benevolent face, encircled by bushy white whiskers, looked out of the window, and a hearty voice asked him if he had completed his arrangements for a long holiday. Having replied to this, Ovid had a question to put on his side.

"How is our patient, Sir Richard?"

"Out of danger."

"And what do the other doctors say now?"

Sir Richard laughed. "They say it's my luck."

"Not convinced yet?"

"Not in the least. Who has ever succeeded in convincing fools? Let's try another subject. Is your mother reconciled to your new plans?"

"I can scarcely tell you. My mother is in a state of indescribable agitation. Her brother's Will has been found in Italy. And his daughter may arrive in England at a moment's notice."

"Unmarried?" Sir Richard asked, slyly.

"I don't know."

"Any money?"

Ovid smiled—not cheerfully. "Do you think my poor mother would be in a state of indescribable agitation if there was *no* money?"

Sir Richard was one of those obsolete elderly persons who quote Shakespeare. "Ah, well," he said, "your mother is like *Kent* in 'King Lear,' she's 'too old to learn.' Is she as fond as ever of lace, and as keen as ever after a bargain?" He handed a card out of the carriage window. "I have just seen an old patient of mine," he resumed, in whom I feel a friendly interest. She is retiring from business by my advice; and she asks me, of all the people in the world, to help her in getting rid of some wonderful 'remnants,' at 'an alarming sacrifice.' My kind regards to your mother—and there's a chance for her. One last word, Ovid. Don't be in too great a hurry to return to work; you have plenty of spare time before you. Look at my wise dog here on the front seat, and learn from him to be idle and happy."

The great physician had another companion besides his dog. A friend bound on his way, had accepted a seat in his carriage. "Who is that handsome young man?" the friend asked as they drove away.

"He is the only son of a relative of mine, dead many years since," Sir Richard replied, "Don't forget that you have seen him."

"May I ask why?"

"He has not yet reached the prime of life; and he is on the way—already far on the way—to be one of the foremost men of his time. With a private fortune, he has worked as few surgeons work who have their bread to get by their profession. The money comes from his late father. His mother has married again. The second husband is a lazy, harmless, stupid old fellow, named Gallilee; possessed of one small attraction—£50,000 grubbed up in trade. There are two little daughters by the second marriage. With such a stepfather as I have described—and between ourselves, with a mother who has rather more than her fair share of the jealous, envious and money-loving propensities of humanity—my friend Ovid is not diverted by family influences from the close pursuit of his profession. You will tell me he may marry." Well, if he gets a good wife she will be a circumstance in his favor. But, so far as I know, he is not that sort of man. Cooler, a deal cooler with women than I am—though I am old enough to be his father. Let us get back to his professional prospects. You heard him ask me about a patient?"

"Yes."

"Very good. Death was knocking hard at that patient's door, when I called Ovid into consultation with myself and with two other doctors who differed with me. It was one of the very rare cases in which the old practice of bleeding was, to my mind, the only treatment to pursue. I never told him that this was the point in dispute between me and the other men, and they said nothing, on their side, at my express request. He took his time to examine and think; and he saw the chance of saving the patient by venturing on the use of the lancet, as plainly as I did—with my forty years' experience to teach me! A young man with that capacity for discovering the remote cause of disease, and with that superiority to the trammels of routine in applying the treatment, has no common medical career before him. His holiday will set his health right in next to no time. I see nothing in his way, at present—not even a woman! But," said Sir Richard, with the explanatory wink of one eye peculiar (like quotation from Shakespeare) to persons of the obsolete old time, "we know better than to forecast the weather, if a petticoat influence appears on the horizon. One prediction, however, I do

risk. If his mother buys any of that lace, I know who will get the best of the bargain!"

The conditions under which the old doctor was willing to assume the character of a prophet never occurred. Ovid remembered that he was going away on a long voyage—and Ovid was a good son. He bought some of the lace, as a present to his mother at parting; and, most assuredly, he got the worst of the bargain.

His shortest way back to the straight course, from which he had deviated in making his purchase, led him into a by-street, near the flower and fruit market of Covent Garden. Here he met with the second in number of the circumstances which attended his walk. He found himself encountered by an intolerably filthy smell.

The market was not out of the direct way to Lincoln's Inn-fields. He fled from the smell to the flowery and fruity perfumes of Covent Garden, and completed the disinfecting process by means of a basket of strawberries.

Why did a poor, ragged little girl, carrying a big baby, look at the delicious fruit that he was eating with such longing eyes that, as a kind-hearted man, he had no alternative but to make her a present of the strawberries? Why did two dirty boy-friends of hers appear immediately afterwards with news of Punch in a neighboring street, and lead the little girl away with them? Why did these two new circumstances inspire him with a fear that the boys might take the strawberries away from the poor child, burdened as she was with a baby almost as big as herself? When we suffer from overwrought nerves, we are easily disturbed by small misgivings. The idle man of wearied mind followed the friends of the street drama to see what happened, forgetful of the College of Surgeons, and finding a new fund of amusement in himself!

Arrived in the neighboring street, he discovered that the Punch performance had come to an end—like some other dramatic performances of higher pretensions—for want of a paying audience. He waited at a certain distance, watching the children. His doubts had done them an injustice. The boys only said, "Give us a taste." And the liberal little girl rewarded their good conduct. An equitable and friendly division of the strawberries was made in a quiet corner.

Where—always excepting the case of a miser or millionaire—is the man to be found who could have returned to the pursuit of his own affairs, under these circumstances, without encouraging the practice of the social virtues by a present of a few pennies? Ovid was not that man.

Putting back in his breast-pocket the bag in which he was accustomed to carry small coins for small charities, his hand touched something which felt like the envelope of a letter. He took it out—looked at it with an expression of annoyance and surprise—and once more turned aside from the direct way to Lincoln's Inn-fields.

The envelope contained his last prescription. Having occasion to consult the "Pharmacopœia," he had written it at home, and had promised to send it to the patient immediately. In the absorbing interest of making his preparations for leaving England, it had remained forgotten in his pocket for nearly two days. The one means of setting this unlucky error right, without further delay, was to deliver his prescription himself, and to break through his own rules for the second time, by attending to a case of illness—purely as an act of atonement.

The patient lived in a house nearly opposite to the British Museum. In this northward direction he now set his face.

He made his apologies and gave his advice—and, getting out again into the street, tried once more to shape his course for the College of Surgeons. Passing the walled garden of the British Museum, he looked towards it—and paused. What had stopped him this time? Nothing but a tree fluttering its bright leaves in the faint summer air.

A marked change showed itself in his face.

The moment before, he had been passing in review the curious little interruptions which had attended his walk, and had wondered humorously what would happen next. Two women, meeting him, and seeing a smile on his lips, had said to each other, "There goes a happy man." If they had encountered him now, they might have reversed their opinion. They would have seen a man thinking of something once dear to him in the far and forgotten past.

He crossed over the road to the side street which faced the garden. He head drooped; he moved mechanically. Arrived in the street, he lifted his eyes, and stood (within nearer view of it) looking at the tree.

Hundreds of miles away from London, under another tree of that gentle family, this man—so cold to women in after life—had made child-love in the days of his boyhood, to a sweet little cousin long since numbered with the dead. The present time, with its interests and anxieties, passed away like the passing of a dream. Little by little, as the minutes followed each other, his sore heart felt a calming influence, breathed mysteriously from those fluttering leaves. Still forgetful of the outward world, he wandered slowly up the street, living in the old scenes; thinking, not unhappily now, the old thoughts.

Where, in all London, could he have found a solitude more congenial to a dreamer in daylight?

The broad district, stretching northward and eastward from the British Museum, is like the quiet quarter of a country town set in the midst of the roaring activities of the largest city in the world. Here you can cross the road without putting limb or life in peril. Here, when you are idle, you can saunter and look about, safe from collision with merciless straight walkers whose time is money and whose destiny is business. Here you may meet undisurbed cats on the pavement, in the

full glare of noontide, and may watch, through the railings of the squares, children at play on grass that almost glows with the lustre of the Sussex Downs. This haven of rest is alike out of the way of fashion and business; and is yet within easy reach of the one and the other. Ovid paused in a vast and silent square. If his little cousin had lived, he might perhaps have seen his children at play in some such secluded place as this.

The birds were singing blithely in the trees. A tradesman's boy, delivering fish to the cook, and two girls watering flowers at a window, were the only living creatures near him as he roused himself and looked round.

Where was the College? Where were the Curator and the Specimen? Those questions brought with them no feeling of anxiety or surprise; they crossed his mind like passing shadows. He turned, in a half-awakened way, without a wish or a purpose—turned, and listlessly looked back.

Two foot passengers, dressed in mourning garments, were rapidly approaching him. One of them, as they came nearer, proved to be an aged woman. The other was a girl.

He drew aside to let them pass. They looked at him with the lukewarm curiosity of strangers as they went by. The girl's eyes and his eyes met. Only the glance of an instant—and its influence held him for life.

She went swiftly on, as little impressed by the chance meeting as the old woman at her side. Without stopping to think—without being capable of thought—Ovid followed them. As a matter of absolute necessity, the magnet draws to it the steel. As a matter of absolute necessity, the girl drew to her the man. Never before had he done what he was doing now; he was literally out of himself. He saw them ahead of him; and he saw nothing else.

Towards the middle of the square they turned aside into a street on the left. A concert-hall was in the street, with doors open for an afternoon performance. They entered the hall. Still out of himself, Ovid followed them.

CHAPTER III.

A ROOM of magnificent size, furnished with every conventional luxury that money can buy, lavishly provided with newspapers and books of reference, lighted by tall windows in the daytime, and by gorgeous chandeliers at night, may be, nevertheless, one of the dreariest places of rest and shelter that can be found on the civilized earth. Such places exist, by hundreds, in those hotels of monstrous proportions and pretensions which now engulf the traveler who ends his journey on the pier or the platform. It may be that we feel ourselves to be strangers among strangers—it may be that there is something innately repellent in splendid carpets and curtains, chairs and tables, which have no social associations to recommend them—it may be that the mind loses its elasticity under the inevitable restraint on friendly communication, which expresses itself in lowered tones and instinctive distrust of our next neighbor—but this alone is certain: life, in the public drawing room of a great hotel, is life with all its liveliest emanations perishing miserably in an exhausted receiver.

On the same day, and nearly at the same hour, when Ovid had left his house, two women sat in a corner of the public room in one of the largest of the railway hotels latterly built in London.

Without observing it themselves, they were objects of curiosity to their fellow-travelers. They spoke to each other in a foreign language. They were dressed in deep mourning, with an absence of fashion and a simplicity of material which attracted the notice of every other woman in the room. One of them wore a black veil over her gray hair. Her hands were brown and knotty at the joints; her eyes looked unnaturally bright for her age; innumerable wrinkles crossed and recrossed her skinny face; and her aquiline nose (as one of the ladies present took occasion to remark) was so disastrolously like the nose of the great Duke of Wellington as to be an offensive feature in the face of a woman.

The lady's companion, being a man, took a more merciful view. "She can't help being ugly," he whispered. "But see how she looks at the girl with her. A good old creature. I say, if ever there was one yet." The lady eyed him, as only a jealous woman can eye her husband, and whispered back, "Of course you're in love with that slip of a girl!"

She was a slip of a girl—and not even a tall slip. At seventeen years of age it was doubtful whether she would ever grow to a better height.

But even a girl who is too thin, and not quite so tall as the Venus de Medici, may still be possessed of personal attractions. It was not altogether a matter of certainty, in this case, that the attractions were sufficiently remarkable to excite general admiration. The fine color and the plump healthy cheeks, the broad smile, the regular teeth, the well developed mouth and the promising bosom, which form altogether the average type of beauty found in the purely-bred English maiden, were not among the noticeable charms of the small creature in gloomy black, shrinking into a corner of the big room. She had very little color of any sort to boast of. Her hair was of so light a brown that it just escaped being flaxen; but it had the negative merit of not being forced down to her eyebrows, and twisted into the hideous curly-wig which exhibits a liberal equality of ugliness on the heads of women in the present day. There was a delicacy of finish in her features—in the nose and the lips especially—a sensitive changeableness in the expression of her eyes (too dark in themselves to be quite in harmony with her light hair); and a subtle, yet simple witchery, in her rare smile, which atoned, in some degree at least, for want of complexion in the face and of flesh in the figure. Men might dispute her claims to beauty; but no one could deny that she was, in the common

phrase, an interesting person. Grace and refinement; a quickness of apprehension and a vivacity of movement, suggestive of some foreign origin; a childish readiness of wonder, in the presence of new objects, and, perhaps, under happier circumstances, a childish playfulness with persons whom she loved, were all characteristic attractions of the modest stranger, who was in charge of the ugly old woman—and who was palpably the object of that wrinkled duenna's devoted love.

A traveling writing-case stood open on a table near them. In an interval of silence the girl looked at it reluctantly. They had been talking of family affairs—and had spoken in Italian, so as to keep their domestic secrets from the ears of the strangers about them. The old woman was the first to resume the conversation.

"My Carmina, you really ought to write that letter," she said; "the illustrious Mrs. Gallilee is waiting to hear of our arrival in London."

Carmina took up the pen and put it down again with a sigh.

"We only arrived last night," she pleaded. "Dear old Teresa, let us have one day in London by ourselves!"

Teresa received this proposal with undisguised amazement and alarm.

"Jesu-Maria! a day in London—and your aunt waiting for you all the time! What does your father say in his will? She is your second mother, my dear; her house is your new home. And you propose to stop a whole day at an hotel instead of going home? Impossible! Write, my Carmina, write. See, here is the address on a card: 'Fairfield Gardens.' What a pretty place it must be to live in, with such a name as that. And a sweet lady no doubt. Come! come!"

But Carmina still resisted.

"I have never even seen my aunt," she said. "It is dreadful to pass my life with a stranger. Remember, I was only a child when you came to us after my mother's death. It is scarcely six months yet since I lost my father. I have no one but you, and when I go to this new home you will leave me. I only ask for one more day to be together before we part."

The poor old duenna drew back out of sight in the shadow of a curtain, and began to cry. Carmina took her hand under cover of a tablecloth; Carmina knew how to console her.

"We will go and see sights," she whispered; "and when dinner-time comes we will order luxuries. You shall have a glass of the Porto-porto wine."

Teresa looked round out of the shadow, as easily comforted as a child.

"Sights!" she exclaimed, and dried her tears. "Porto-porto wine!" she repeated, and smacked her withered lips at the relishing words. "Ah, my child, you have not forgotten the consolations I told you of when I lived in London in my young days. To think of you, with an English father, and never in London till now! I used to go to museums and concerts sometimes, when my English mistress was pleased with me. That gracious lady often gave me a glass of the fine, strong purple wine. The Holy Virgin grant that Aunt Gallilee may be as kind a woman! Such a head of hair as the other one she cannot hope to have. It was a joy to dress it. Do you think I would not stay here in England with you if I could? What is to become of my old man in Italy, with his cursed asthma, and nobody to nurse him? Oh, but those were dull years in London! The black, endless streets; the dreadful Sundays; the hundreds of thousands of people, always in a hurry; always with grim faces set on business, business, business! I was glad to go back and be married in Italy. And here I am in London again, after God knows how many years. No matter. We will enjoy ourselves to-day; and when we go to Madame Gallilee's to-morrow, we will tell a little lie, and say we only arrived on the evening that has not yet come."

The duenna's sense of humor was so tickled by this prospective view of the little lie, that she leaned back in her chair and laughed. Carmina's rare smile showed itself faintly. The terrible first interview with the unknown aunt still oppressed her. She took up a newspaper in despair.

"Oh, my old dear!" she said, "let us get out of this dreadful room, and be reminded of Italy!"

Teresa lifted her ugly hands in bewilderment. "Reminded of Italy—in London?"

"Is there no Italian music in London?" Carmina asked, suggestively.

The duenna's bright eyes answered this in their own language. She snatched up the nearest newspaper.

It was then the height of the London concert season. Morning performances of music were announced in rows. Reading the advertised programmes, Carmina found them, in one remarkable respect, all alike. They would have led an ignorant stranger to wonder whether any such persons as Italian composers, French composers and English composers, had ever existed. The music offered to the English public was music of exclusively German (and for the most part modern German) origin. Carmina held the opinion—in common with Mozart and Rossini, as well as other people—that music without melody is not music at all. She laid aside the newspaper.

The plan of going to a concert being thus abandoned, the idea occurred to them of seeing pictures. Teresa, in search of information, tried her luck at a great table in the middle of the room, on which useful books were liberally displayed. She returned with a catalogue of the Royal Academy Exhibition (which some one had left on the table, and with the most universally well-informed book, on a small scale, that has ever enlightened humanity—modestly described on the title-page as an Almanac.

Carmina opened the catalogue at the first page, and discovered a list of Royal Academicians. Were all these gentlemen celebrated

painters? Out of nearly forty names, three only had made themselves generally known beyond the limits of England. She turned to the last page. The works of art on show number more than fifteen hundred. Teresa, looking over her shoulder, made the same discovery.

"Our heads will ache, and our feet will ache," she remarked, "before we get out of that place."

Carmina laid aside the catalogue. Teresa opened the almanac at hazard, and hit on the page devoted to amusements. Her next discovery led her to the section inscribed "Museums." She scored an approving mark at that place with her thumb-nail, and read the list in fluent broken English.

The British Museum! Teresa's memory of that magnificent building recalled it vividly in one respect. She shook her head. "More headache and footache there!" Bethnal Green; Indian Museum; College of Surgeons; Practical Geology; South Kensington; Patent Museum—all unknown to Teresa. "The saints preserve us, what headaches and footaches in all these, if they are as big as that other one!" She went on with the list—and astonished everybody in the room by suddenly clapping her hands. Sir John Soane's Museum, Lincoln's Inn-fields. "Ah, but I remember that! A nice little easy museum in a private house, and all sorts of pretty things to see. My dear love, trust your old Teresa. Come to Soane!"

In ten minutes more they were dressed and on the steps of the hotel. The bright sunlight, the pleasant air, invited them to walk. On the same afternoon, when Ovid had set forth on foot for Lincoln's Inn-fields, Carmina and Teresa set forth on foot for Lincoln's Inn-fields. Trivial obstacles had kept the man away from the College. Would trivial obstacles keep the women away from the Museum?

They crossed the Strand, and entered a street which led out of it towards the North: Teresa's pride in her memory forbidding her thus far to ask their way.

Their talk—dwelling at first on Italy, and on the memory of Carmina's Italian mother—reverted to the formidable subject of Mrs. Gallilee. Teresa's hopeful view of the future turned to the cousins, and drew the picture of two charming little girls, eagerly waiting to give their innocent hearts to their young relative from Italy. "Are there only two," she said. "Surely you told me there was a boy, besides the girls?"

Carmina set her right. "My cousin Ovid is a great doctor," she answered, with an air of importance. "Poor papa used to say that our family would have reason to be proud of him."

"Does he live at home?" asked simple Teresa. "Oh, dear, no! He has a grand house of his own. Hundreds of sick people go there to be cured, and give hundreds of golden guineas."

Hundreds of golden guineas gained by only curing sick people, represented to Teresa's mind something in the nature of a miracle; she solemnly raised her eyes. "What a cousin to have! Is he young—is he handsome—is he married?"

Instead of answering these questions, Carmina looked over her shoulder. "Is this poor creature following us?" she asked.

They had now turned to the right, and had entered a busy street leading directly to Covent Garden. The "creature," who was undoubtedly following them, was one of the starved and vagabond dogs of London. Every now and then the sympathies of their race lead these inveterate wanderers to attach themselves, for the time, to some human companion, whom their mysterious insight chooses from the crowd. Teresa, with the hard feeling towards animals which is one of the serious defects of the Italian character, cried: "Ah, the mangy beast!" and lifted her umbrella. The dog started back, waited a moment, and followed again as they went on. Carmina's gentle heart gave its pity to this lost and hungry creature. "I must buy that poor dog something to eat," she said, and stopped suddenly as the idea struck her.

The dog, accustomed to kicks and curses, was ignorant of kindness. Following close behind her when she checked herself, he darted away in terror into the road. A cab was driven by rapidly at the same moment. The wheel passed over the dog's neck. And there was an end, as a man remarked looking on, of the troubles of a cur!

This common accident struck the girl's sensitive nature with horror. Helpless and speechless, she trembled piteously. The nearest open door was the door of a music-seller's shop. Teresa led her in, and asked for a chair and a glass of water. The proprietor, feeling the interest in Carmina which she seldom failed to inspire among strangers, went the length of offering her a glass of wine. Preferring water, she soon recovered herself sufficiently to be able to leave her chair.

"May I change my mind about going to the museum?" she said to her companion. "After what has happened I scarcely feel equal to looking at curiosities."

Teresa's ready sympathy tried to find some acceptable alternative. "Music would be better, wouldn't it?" she suggested.

The so-called Italian Opera was open that night; and the printed announcement of the performance was in the shop. They both looked at it. Fortune was still against them. A German opera appeared on the bill. Carmina turned to the music-seller in despair.

"Is there no music, sir, but German music to be heard in London?" she asked.

The hospitable shopkeeper produced a concert programme for that afternoon—the modest enterprise of an obscure pianoforte-teacher who could only venture to address pupils, patrons and friends. What did he promise? Among other things, music from "Lucia," music from "Norma," music from "Ernani."

Teresa made another approving mark with her thumb nail, and Carmina purchased tickets.

The music-seller hurried to the door to stop the first empty cab that might pass. Carmina showed a deplorable ignorance of the law of chances. She shrank from the bare idea of getting into a cab.

"We may run over some other poor creature," she said. "If it isn't a dog, it may be a child next time."

Teresa and the music-seller suggested a more reasonable view as gravely as they could.

Carmina humbly submitted to the claims of common sense, without yielding, for all that. "I know I'm wrong," she confessed. "Don't spoil my pleasure: I can't do it!"

The strange parallel was now complete. Found for the same destination, Carmina and Ovid had failed to reach it alike. And Carmina had stopped to look at the garden of the British Museum, before she overtook Ovid in the quiet square.

CHAPTER IV.

IF, on entering the hall, Ovid had noticed the placards, he would have found himself confronted by a coincidence. The person who gave the concert was also the person who taught music to his half-sisters. Not many days since, he had himself assisted the enterprise, by taking a ticket at his mother's request. Seeing nothing, remembering nothing—hurried by the fear of losing sight of the two strangers, if there was a large audience—he impatiently paid for another ticket at the doors.

The room was little more than half full, and so insufficiently ventilated that the atmosphere was oppressive even under those circumstances. He easily discovered the two central chairs in the midway row of seats, which she and her companion had chosen. There was a vacant chair (among many others) at one extremity of the row in front of them. He took that place. To look at her, without being discovered—there, so far, was the beginning and the end of his utmost desire.

The performance had already begun. So long as her attention was directed to the singers and players on the platform, he could feast his eyes on her with impunity. In an unoccupied interval, she looked at the audience—and discovered him.

Had he offended her?

If appearances were to be trusted, he had produced no impression of any sort. She quietly looked away, towards the other side of the room. The mere turning of her head was misinterpreted by Ovid as an implied rebuke. He moved to the row of seats behind her. She was now nearer to him than she had been yet. He was again content, and more than content.

The next performance was a solo on the piano. A round of applause welcomed the player. Ovid looked at the platform for the first time. In the bowing man, with a prematurely bald head and a servile smile, he recognized Mrs. Gallilee's music-master. The inevitable inference followed. His mother might be in the room.

After careful examination of the scanty audience, he failed to discover her—thus far. She would certainly arrive, nevertheless. My money's worth for my money was a leading principle in Mrs. Gallilee's life.

He sighed as he looked towards the door of entrance. Not for long had he revelled in the luxury of a new happiness. He had openly avowed a dislike of concerts, when his mother had made him take a ticket for this concert. With her quickness of apprehension what might she not suspect, if she found him among the audience?

Come what might of it, he still kept his place; he still feasted his eyes on the slim figure of the young girl, on the gentle yet spirited carriage of her head. But the pleasure was no longer pleasure without alloy. His mother had got between them now.

The solo on the piano came to an end. In the interval that followed, he turned once more towards the entrance. Just as he was looking away again, he heard Mrs. Gallilee's loud voice. She was administering a maternal caution to one of the children. "Behave better here than you behaved in the carriage, or I shall take you away."

If she found him in his present place—if she put her own clever construction on what she saw her opinion would assuredly express itself in some way. She was one of those women who can insult another woman (and safely disguise it by an inquiring look. For the girl's sake, Ovid instantly moved away from her to the seats at the back of the hall.

Mrs. Gallilee made a striking entrance—dressed to perfection; powdered and painted to perfection; leading her daughters with grace; followed by her governess with humility. The usher courteously indicated places near the platform. Mrs. Gallilee astonished him by a little lecture on acoustics delivered with the sweetest condescension. Her Christian humility smiled, and called the usher sir. "Sound, sir, is most perfectly heard towards the centre of the auditorium." She led the way towards the centre. Vacant places invited her to the row of seats occupied by Carmina and Teresa. She, the unknown aunt, seated herself next to the unknown niece.

As a matter of course, they looked at each other.

Perhaps it was the heat of the room. Perhaps she had not perfectly recovered the nervous shock of seeing the dog killed. Carmina's head sank on good Teresa's shoulder. She had fainted. (To be continued.)

A STREET SCENE ON THE "EAST SIDE."

THE "East Side" of New York city presents some of the most interesting phases of life to be found in any quarter of the metropolis. It is the great tenement house region, and these abodes swarm with inmates to such an extent that in some localities the density of population rivals anything known in London or other foreign capitals. The

vacation season brings to dwellers on the East Side none of those delights which it affords to the dwellers on Murray Hill. Saratoga and Newport are sealed books to them; even the pleasures of a run to Coney Island or an excursion up the Sound are known to but few. However, the poorest of the poor find a taste of recreation after the toll of the day when the strolling musician makes his rounds and pauses to play a lively air. The trials of poverty are for the nonce forgotten, and all hands enjoy the delights of the dance. The grace and etiquette of a fashionable ballroom at Long Branch may be lacking, but there is a hearty enthusiasm in the performance which a victim of *ennui* might well envy. Our artist has caught the salient points of one of these gatherings, which may be encountered any pleasant evening, and the illustration presents the curious features of a scene at once thoroughly unconventional and full of vigorous life.

THE MURAT HOMESTEAD IN FLORIDA.

AMONG the historic mansions of the country, the Murat mansion at Tallahassee, Fla., long held a prominent place. It was for many years the home of Prince Charles Louis Napoleon Achille Murat, eldest son of the First Napoleon's favorite, Joachim Murat, King of Naples, who, after his father's death, came in 1821 to the United States. He settled in Florida, married a grandniece of George Washington, and, dismissing European politics from his mind, devoted himself to scientific pursuits and wrote several essays on the institutions of America. Soon after taking up his residence in Florida he occupied the mansion near the capital of the State which ever after bore his name, and there he lived a life of quiet dignity until his death, which occurred on the 15th of April, 1847. The estate after the death of his widow came into the possession of Mr. G. W. Bloxham, a prominent citizen of Florida. On the night of the 25th of January a fire alarm was sounded, and it was found that the old mansion was in flames, and despite all efforts to save it, it was destroyed.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Falguerie, the French sculptor, is erecting upon the summit of the Arch of Triumph, Paris, a group of figures of heroic size, symbolic of the triumph of progress and liberalism in France.

The Belgian Government has appropriated \$10,200 for an astronomical observatory in connection with the University of Lege, for the especial instruction of students in geodesy and geographical surveying.

MM. Grehan and Quinquand have determined by a series of interesting experiments that the total weight of blood in the system of a live mammal is between one-twelfth and one-thirteenth of the body weight.

The German Government will send two expeditions to American stations to observe the transit of Venus in December. Observations will be taken at Stratford, Conn., Aiken, S. C., Bahia Blanca and Punta Arenas.

The Paris Salon this year resulted in a decided success, the total receipts reaching \$80,000, of which over one-half was clear profit. The exhibition was managed by the artists, who are organized in a society which now has a capital of \$70,000.

A Score of Antique Bronzes, supposed to belong to the third century, have been found near Liege, France, on the estate of the distinguished writer, Emile de Laveleye. They include two statues of women and three heads of Mercury, and are supposed to be the ornaments of a fountain.

Krupp, the great gun manufacturer, employs at his works a very ingenious method of recovering the coils of guns which have become useless. He heats the barrel to redness, and then introduces liquid carbonic acid. The cold thus produced causes shrinkage and allows the coils to be removed.

The "Missing Link" has been again discovered, this time in the shape of a mammal found among the upper eocene of France, in the phosphoric deposits, called Ceboceros, intermediate between pigs and monkeys. A complete head and lower jaw united of this animal has been found, and exhibited before the Paris Academy of Sciences.

Thomas Taylor, M. D., microscopist of the Department of Agriculture at Washington, has discovered that the common house-fly is frequently the victim of minute parasites, which are generally found in the proboscis, but sometimes in the abdomen. He thinks that, since flies are carriers of these minute snake-like animals, they may in like manner be conveyors of contagious germs, and he is trying the experiment of feeding flies on trichinized meat to test the possibility of trichinosis or the eggs of trichinæ being taken up by flies.

Professor H. M. Paul has made some interesting observations upon the transmission of vibrations through the ground. A box holding about twenty pounds of mercury thickened by amalgamation with tin was placed upon a heavy plank screwed to the top of a post sunk four and one-half feet into the ground, and images reflected in the surface of the mercury were observed by a telescope, as in meridian observations. An express-train passing at a distance of one-third of a mile set the surface of the mercury in confused vibration for two or three minutes, while a one-horse vehicle passing along a graveled road 400 or 500 feet distant, caused a temporary agitation of the mercury whenever the wheels struck a small stone.

Successful Observations of the Wells comet were made last week, at the Dudley Observatory, at the meridian transit. The most interesting fact ascertained is that this comet has a real nucleus. At one observation this nucleus was clearly seen as a bright, perfectly round, and sharply defined disk of light. If astronomers elsewhere confirm this discovery, it will settle the mooted question as to whether a comet has a real solid body at the centre of its mass. The apparent diameter of this nucleus is about three-quarters of a second, or, after allowing for irradiation, about 200 miles. The second observation showed that the comet is still increasing in brightness, and that the vapors which surround the nucleus are becoming more dense and abundant.

Death-roll of the Week.

JULY 16TH.—At Springfield, Ill., Mrs. Mary T. Lincoln, widow of Abraham Lincoln, aged 61; at Alexandria Bay, N. Y., Mortimer Porter, an old and prominent lawyer of New York city; at Cincinnati, O., Dr. Nathaniel Foster, an old and eminent physician; at Philadelphia, Pa., Hiram P. Goodrich, deputy surveyor of the port. July 18th.—At Providence, R. I., Rev. Benjamin Phelon, a well-known Free Will Baptist clergyman, aged 76; at Rome, Ga., Colonel Alfred Shorter, the richest man in Northern Georgia, aged 79. July 19th.—At Newburg, N. Y., Dr. Isaac Garrison, a well-known physician, aged 80; at Sing Sing, N. Y., William W. Benjamin, for twenty years principal of Mount Pleasant Military Academy, aged 82; at Norwich, Conn., Major William C. H. Sherman, of New Windsor, N. Y., a prominent Democrat, aged 82; at North Easton, Mass., Mrs. Eveline O. Ames, widow of Oakes Ames, aged 73; at Marietta, O., John Springer, aged 108. July 20th.—At Borden-town, N. J., Miss Fanny Parnell, sister of the Irish leader. July 21st.—Levi Heywood, a prominent citizen of Gardner, Mass., aged 82.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise have returned to Quebec from their fishing excursion.

WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT recently presented the old Vanderbilt homestead at New Dorp, Staten Island, to his son George.

JUSTICE FIELD of the United States Supreme Court, and wife, are spending the summer at various resorts on the Pacific Coast.

FRANKLIN SIMMONS, the sculptor, is at work in his studio in Rome, Italy, on a colossal statue of the late Oliver P. Morton, of Indiana.

EDWARD STABLER was appointed Postmaster of Sandy Springs, Ind., fifty years ago by President Andrew Jackson, and still holds the office.

ROBERT R. HITT, ex-Assistant Secretary of State, has been nominated for Congress by the Republicans of the Sixth Illinois district.

SENATOR BROWN, of Georgia, has given \$50,000 to the State University at Athens, the interest on which is to be used for educating poor young men.

COLONEL JEROME N. BONAPARTE and family, of Baltimore, have just returned from a visit to France, and taken possession of their cottage at Newport.

MRS. KATE CHASE is soon going abroad with her children. They have planned a Fall excursion, on Shetland ponies, through the Highlands of Scotland.

MR. MCWALTER B. NOYES, Consul of the United States at Venice, was married in New York a few days ago to Miss Emily Miller, a sister of Mrs. Jay Gould.

JOHN DOYLE, of Woburn, Mass., who has been employed in a currying shop at \$9 per week, has received word that a cousin has died and left him \$100,000.

THE Duke of Connaught has been troubled for months with violent attacks of asthma, and has gone on a six weeks' cruise in southern waters by his physician's orders.

JOHN M. FRANCIS, who for thirty-one years has been editor of the Troy Times, sailed for Europe last week, to assume his duties as United States Minister to Portugal.

HARRY GARFIELD, son of the late President Garfield, has been making a pedestrian tour through the Catskill Mountains with several fellow-students of Williams College.

JOHN L. CLEM, "the Drummer Boy of Chickamauga," has been promoted to captain, and assistant quartermaster and assigned to the military depot in Philadelphia.

GEORGE I. SENEY, the Brooklyn philanthropist, has just given the Wesleyan Female College in Georgia another check for \$25,000, making his gifts to this institution aggregate \$125,000.

EMANUEL B. SCHNEIDER, a German Catholic priest, until recently assistant pastor at Norfolk, Va., has renounced Catholicism and joined the Fifth Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church.

THE younger daughter of Senator Edmunds, of Vermont, who has long been an invalid, died a few days ago. Her sickness has kept her father out of the Senate the greater part of the session.

THEODORE TILTON will soon appear in print again as the author or collector of sixteen legendary and other "Swabian Tales." "done," he says, "in various poetic meters, and all in rhyme."

BARTHOLOMEW, designer of the statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World," to be placed in New York Harbor, is a man of great wealth, and has given \$20,000 of his own fortune to defray the expenses of constructing the huge monument.

BISHOP HUNTINGTON is at his Summer residence in North Hadley, Mass., where he expects to stay several months. He has one of the finest old places in the valley, and his herd of Jerseys attracts the attention of every one who passes.

THE Dean and Chapter of Westminster intend to place in the Abbey a memorial tablet to Colonel Joseph L. Chester, the American antiquarian who recently died in England, in recognition of his services as editor of the Westminster Abbey Register.

GENERAL GRANT'S Galena comrades have completed the soldiers' monument in that city. The shaft, which is forty feet high, bears the names of more than four hundred soldiers of Jo Daviess County who died in the army. General Grant is president of the monumental association.

CETWEAYO, the ex-King of Zulu, will arrive in London about August 15th, but will return to Africa in September, as it is thought that later in the year the climate of England would be injurious to his health. During his stay in Exland the Queen will probably grant him an audience at Osborne.

THE mother of Gambetta, the French statesman, died last week. She was the daughter of a druggist in Cahors, and after marrying Joseph Gambetta helped him carry on a little shop. She had two children—Léon, the statesman, and Benedetta, who married an Italian teacher of languages at Rouen.

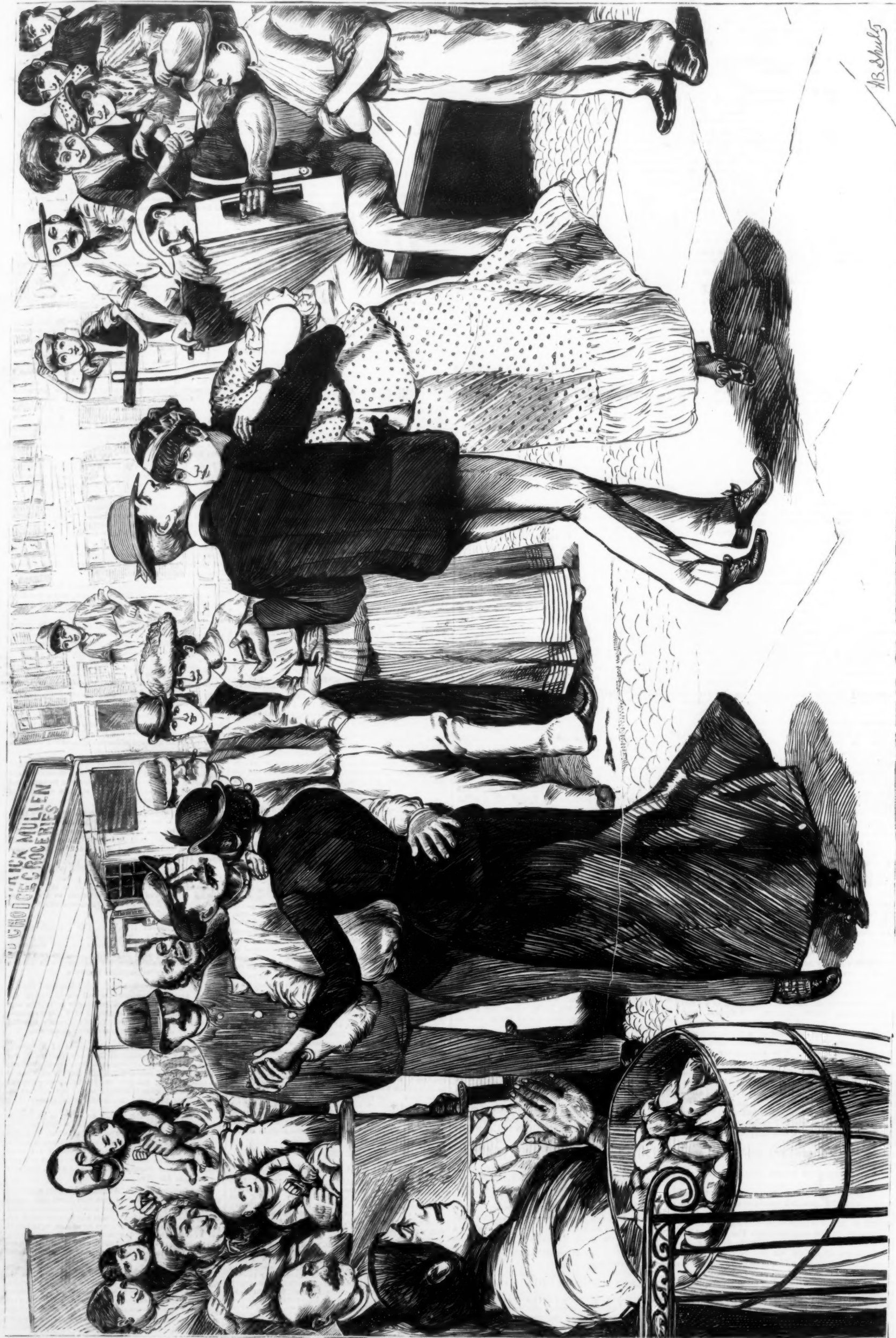
MRS. GARFIELD last week left Cleveland for the Mector homestead, where she will reside during the Summer and Fall. The late President's mother is also at Lawfield, where, in accordance with her expressed desire, she has heard from Mrs. Dr. Edison's lips the whole story of the sufferings and death of her son.

A MONUMENT marking the grave of Rinehart, the sculptor, at Greenmount Cemetery, Baltimore, was unveiled last week. The monument is a granite block, surmounted by a bronze statue of "Endymion," one of the best works of Rinehart, and has been erected by the liberality of William T. Walters, one of the warmest admirers of the artist and the executor of his estate.

W. W. STONY, the Boston sculptor, is to design the statue of Chief Justice Marshall which is to be erected in Washington. The \$20,000 which Congress appropriated will be expended on a monumental pedestal, while the statue will be paid for out of a fund of \$3,000 which the Pennsylvania Bar raised for the purpose soon after Marshall's death, and which has now increased to \$20,000.

THE funeral of Mrs. Abraham Lincoln occurred at Springfield, Ill., on July 19th, and there was a great throng of attendants, while bus news throughout the city was generally suspended. There was no attempt at display, and the minister attempted no eulogy, according to her expressed wish. The body, which was embalmed, was placed in the crypt next to that of her husband in the National Lincoln Monument, and was hermetically sealed in a lead case.

LATE advices from China announce that Li Hung Chang had left his official residence in Tien-tsin, as Viceroy of the Chihli provinces, to attend his mother's burial at his native place. His journey from point to point was like a triumphal progress, the armies of the various provinces being gathered at all convenient stations for escort or salute. These demonstrations afford new evidence of his influence and power, notwithstanding the recent formidable intrigues against him.



NEW YORK CITY.—A SUMMER EVENING SIDEWALK SCENE ON THE EAST SIDE.—FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 363.



M. P. SAVORGNAN DE BRAZZA, THE FRENCH EXPLORER OF EQUATORIAL AFRICA.

M. SAVORGNAN DE BRAZZA.

SAVORGNAN DE BRAZZA, the French explorer of Africa, was born at Rome on the 6th of January, 1842, and is of Italian parentage. A sailor from his cradle, he was sent to the French Naval School in 1855, and in 1878 became a naturalized Frenchman. Later he made the acquaintance of the Marquis de Compigne, who had just returned from his exploration of the Ogoué. De Brazza received a commission from the Ministers of Public Instruction to finish what the marquis had begun, and he started with Dr. Ballay, a naval physician, and Alfred Marche, the naturalist, and ascended the Ogoué at the moment when Stanley had finished his passage across Africa by descending the course of the Congo. In August, 1878, the expedition struck the village of Okanga, where he concluded a treaty with the natives. In 1879 he returned to France and learned of Stanley's route and discoveries. He again started for Africa at the end of 1879, and pushed as far as the Congo, upon the banks of which he established a station. The Congo is a magnificent river, navigable for thousands of miles, but unfortunately its mouth is blocked by cataracts, and the river only becomes practicable for steamers about 250 miles from its source. Stanley, with a view of opening up communication, undertook, in the interest of a Belgian company, the construction of a road parallel with the river along these 200 miles. De Brazza believed that a nearer road to the Congo might be found than along its banks. Acting on this theory, he struck inland from the French settlement of Gaboon, and was fortunate enough to come upon the Alima River, a tributary of the Congo, at only seventy miles from the coast. Organizing an expedition, he constructed his seventymiles of road, and from the Alima floated quietly to the Congo, where he had time to hoist the French flag, take possession of the country, establish trading stations and prepare a grand banquet for Stanley, which the latter, after completing his 250 miles of road, found was

the only consolation awaiting him. Thus M. de Brazza has opened to France a new, short and easy road to the centre of Africa, and secured her what is destined to become a rich and prosperous trade.

DERVISH PASHA, TURKISH COMMISSIONER IN EGYPT.

DERVISH PASHA, the chief of the special Commission from Turkey to Egypt, is seventy years of age, a pure Turk, unable to speak a word of Arabic, French, or any other language than his native Turkish; but he ranks high in the confidence of the Porte, and has been employed in many important services. He commanded the Ottoman troops in Montenegro in 1856, when he suffered defeat at Rogami, but perpetrated notorious cruelties in the undefended districts. In 1860 he was the principal lieutenant to Omer Pasha in that country. In the Russian war of 1878 he was engaged in the military defense of Batoum, and repulsed the Russians, but it was afterwards stipulated by the treaty of peace at Constantinople that Batoum should be ceded to Russia. The civil governor, however, backed by 10,000 armed Lazis, refused to surrender it, and Dervish Pasha was assigned the task of suppressing the revolt and carrying out the provisions of the treaty. Two years later, in 1882, he was proposed to perform a very similar service in the case of Dulcigno, which the European Conference had decided should be delivered to Montenegro. The Albanian League were in arms to prevent the transfer, and Turkey, at first indisposed to carry out the agreement of the Conference, finally dispatched Dervish Pasha, with a large Turkish



VIRGINIA.—HON. JOHN E. MASSEY, INDEPENDENT DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR CONGRESSMAN-AT-LARGE. FROM A PHOTO. BY GEO. L. COOK.



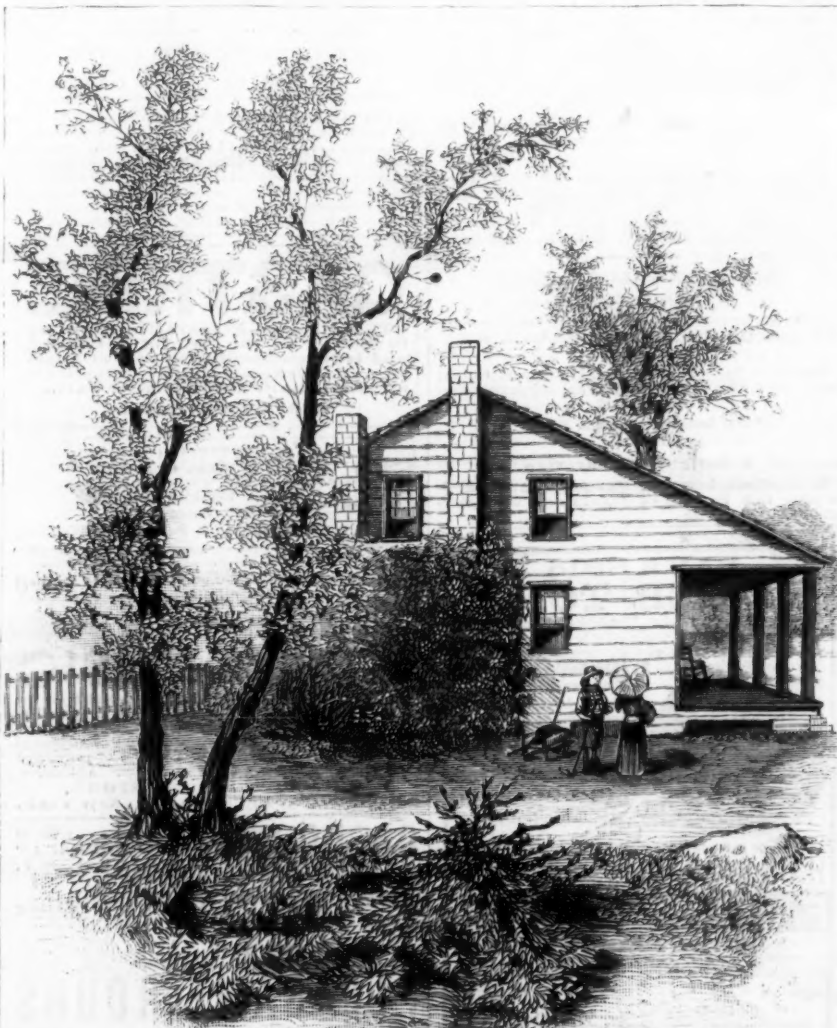
DERVISH PASHA, CHIEF OF THE TURKISH COMMISSION TO EGYPT.

force, to put down the League. He succeeded in this purpose with but little bloodshed; and it is, no doubt, due to his success in affairs of this kind that he was sent to Egypt to adjust the difficulty between the Khédive and Arabi Pasha. In this he has altogether failed; but it would probably be found, if all the facts were known, that this failure was intended from the beginning, and that to Turkey, at least, it has occasioned no regret.

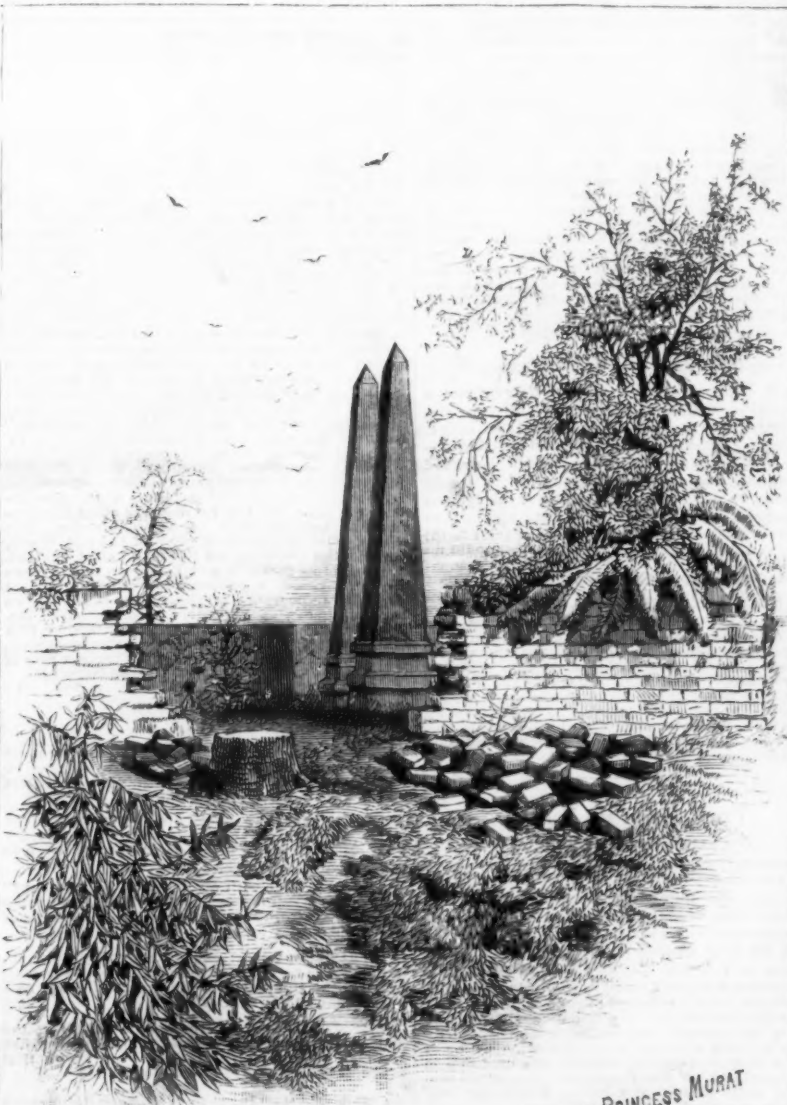
HON. JOHN E. MASSEY,

INDEPENDENT CANDIDATE FOR CONGRESSMAN-AT-LARGE IN VIRGINIA.

HON. JOHN E. MASSEY, whose portrait we give on this page, is one of the conspicuous figures of Virginia politics, having come to the front in connection with the Readjuster movement, from which, owing to disagreements with Senator Mahone and others of its leaders, he has recently separated. The famous "parson" is a native of Spotsylvania County, Va., where he was born, April 24, 1819. From an early age until his sixteenth year he was kept at neighboring schools. Then he entered the Virginia Baptist Seminary (now the Richmond College), and, after a course of study, interrupted by a year's absence, during which he taught school, graduated with credit. He then studied law, and in 1842 commenced the practice of his profession. Two or three years later he abandoned the law for the Church, being in 1845 licensed and ordained as a minister of the Baptist denomination (the largest in the State), and stationed at the Ketocott Baptist Church, in Loudoun County. In 1847 he removed to Harrisonburg, where he remained until 1854. In that year he removed to Albemarle County, where he has resided ever since. "Ash Lawn," the name of



BELLEVUE THE OLD MURAT HOMESTEAD



GRAVES OF THE PRINCE & PRINCESS MURAT

Mr. Massey's homestead, near Charlottesville, the seat of the University of Virginia, is the former residence of James Monroe, and the one from which he mounted his horse and rode away to Washington to be sworn in as President of the United States. It is in a fine state of preservation, and many improvements have been added to it by Mr. Massey. After the adoption of the present State Constitution of Virginia, Mr. Massey was earnestly solicited by many of the best people of his county—the grandson of Thomas Jefferson among the number—to represent them in the Legislature, and he consented to become a candidate. He was twice elected to the House of Delegates and then to the Senate. In 1879 he canvassed the State, and was largely instrumental in securing the triumph of his party in the elections of that year. On the 21st day of January, 1880, he was elected by the Legislature Auditor of Public Accounts of Virginia. He held the position for over two years and two months, performing its duties with marked ability and integrity. He failed of a re-election, however, at the last session of the Legislature, owing to his opposition to Senator Mahone's arrogant assumption of power, and to the policy which he advocated, looking to the merging of the Readjuster Party in the Republican. Mr. Massey is one of the best stump speakers in the State, and enjoys great popularity among the common people. As an independent candidate for Congressman-at-Large he will receive the support of the Democratic Party, which has refused to put a candidate in nomination against him, and the contest between himself and Captain John S. Wise, the Readjuster-Republican nominee, will be one of the liveliest of recent years.

A Rich Newsboy.

THE richest newsboy in the country is said to be Mike Mykens, of Denver, Col. He is supposed to be worth at least \$50,000, which he has invested in Denver real estate. He is not yet ready, however, to retire from business, but from early morning until midnight may be seen upon the streets crying, "Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis and Kansas City morning papers." In connection with his paper stand he has a bootblack's chair, which he generally leaves in charge of an assistant. He sells his papers at a uniform price of ten cents each, and long experience has made him very expert in detecting at a glance from what part of the country any one of the strangers who through the streets of Denver comes.

European Postage.

A RECENT article in the *Deutsche Industrie Zeitung*, on the European postal traffic of 1880, shows that the total number of articles sent was 6,206,577,592. Letters and postal cards were in the proportion of 61.3 per cent; newspapers, 22.9; book-packets and patterns, 15.8. England was first, with 27.2 per cent. of the whole; Germany second, with 23.3 per cent.; France third, with 19.6 per cent. Nearly everywhere there is an increase of letters and postal cards per head of the population. An estimate shows that in England each inhabitant allows ten days between two letters; in Switzerland, two weeks; in Germany, twenty days; in Russia, two hundred and eighty days; in Bulgaria, about three years. There were 55,479 post-offices in 1880, an average of one to every 5,859.9 inhabitants. The employees numbered 250,665. The postal traffic has increased 58.8 per cent. in eight years, and in the whole of Europe the surplus is about \$27,000,000.

Curious Way of Utilizing Ants.

SOME interesting facts are contributed to a scientific journal in a little paper sent by Mr. J. Macgowan from Han Chow, Province of Szechuan, China, on the "Utilization of Ants as Insect Destroyers in China." It seems that in many parts of the province of Canton the orange trees are injured by certain worms, and to rid themselves from these pests, the inhabitants import ants from the neighboring hills. The hill people throughout the summer and winter find the nests of two species of ants, red and yellow, suspended from the branches of various trees. The "orange ant breeders" are provided with pig or goat bladders baited inside with lard. The orifices of these they apply to the entrance of the bag-like nests, when the ants enter the bladders, and, as Dr. Macgowan expresses it, "become a marketable commodity at the oranges." The trees are colonized by placing the ants on their upper branches, and bamboo rods are stretched between the different trees, so as to give the ants easy access to the whole orchard. This remedy has been in constant use at least since 1640, and probably dates from a much earlier period.

A Monument to a Noble Woman.

A FEW weeks ago there died at New Orleans a remarkable woman in the person of Margaret Houghery. She was the widow of an Irish sailor. She could neither read nor write, and it is said she never wore a kid glove or a silk dress in her life; yet she made an immense fortune in the baking business, which she herself expended to the amount of hundreds of thousands in building and endowing asylums for orphans, regardless of their faith. She died a Catholic, though all her life she paid no attention to religious duties, while she associated constantly with the Sisters of Charity. No priest could claim her for his church until she received the sacrament on her death-bed. Her pall-bearers were the Governor and Mayor and the most distinguished of the citizens, and hers was the grandest funeral ever known in New Orleans, the streets through which it moved being choked up for hours and rendered impassable. A Margaret Monument Association was formed, which has adopted a plan for the decoration of the triangle at the junction of Camp and Prytanis Streets, and let the contract for the erection of a monument, which will be one of the handsomest works of art in the United States.

The Moorish Slave Markets.

A MOROCCO correspondent writes: "By the Mohammedan law no man is permitted to have more than four wives; but there is no limit but that of the purse to the number of female slaves who may be added to his establishment. The Sultan's ladies are numbered by hundreds, if they do not indeed reach the four figures; and in proportion to his position and wealth the well-to-do Moor in like manner has a large or small harem establishment. The Sultan has the privilege of conferring the honor of entering his harem upon whom he will, and any girls in the provinces who are more than ordinarily pretty are sent up to the court for his inspection or sent to him as a complimentary present. Men in high positions, as the Vizier, are also often presented with ladies, and, being frequently very wealthy, complete their establishment by private contract, paying, perhaps, \$1,000 for a girl that they may admire. The ordinary well-to-do Moor, of whom there are a large number of the merchant class, have to content themselves by buying in the open market, and, consequently, the slave market is a highly patronized institution. The court in which this is usually held, on three days in every week, opens out of a labyrinth of small, narrow streets, which form the bazaar or general market of the

city, a place in which the higher class of Moors would not on other occasions deign to be seen. As the afternoon wears on, however, they may be seen ambling down on their gayly caparisoned mules, with a slave walking behind them, to the entrance of the court, where they dismount and recline in picturesque groups around the inclosure. About the same time arrive by twos and threes those who are to be sold, being placed by the salesman in some small recesses or stalls opening on to the court."

The correspondent already quoted thus describes a recent visit to the market: "There were about fifty or sixty persons for sale of both sexes and all ages, most of them black as jet, and from their features evidently natives of the Sudan, some of whom were to be sold only in lots, with two or three children. These were the drudges for house and field work, the price of whom is always moderate, and strictly commensurate to the amount of work they are likely to be able to perform. But besides these were two female figures who evidently excited no small amount of interest in the gray-bearded old Moors, who formed no small proportion of the purchasers. One of them was a closely veiled Moorish girl, whose features were revealed only to inquiring customers, but who from a passing glance did not appear to be remarkable for her beauty; the other was a really pretty girl from the province of Sus, whose rose-colored countenance and green silk head-dress contrasted pleasantly with her olive complexion and long, black lashes. They were all neatly and tidily dressed, bearing no sign of ill-treatment or scant nourishment, and were treated with all consideration both by salesmen and purchasers, though the examination made by the latter of the teeth, arms, etc., of those they bid for was very repulsive to those unaccustomed to see such sights."

Artificial Quinine.

M. E. J. MAUMENÉ, a distinguished French chemist, has definitely announced verbally that he has succeeded in making quinine artificially, that is to say, without having recourse to the natural bark. He does not wish to announce the details of his process just yet, as he does not consider them perfect; but he has deposited a sealed packet containing an account of them with the Secretary of the French Academy of Sciences. Assuming that he has actually succeeded in making artificial quinine, the next question is that of cost. Quinine, or rather its sulphate—the form in which it is generally administered—has been rising steadily for the last fifteen years, the latest London quotation being 10. per ounce, as against 4. 9d. per ounce in 1867, and the demand for it is increasing steadily. Its importance may be guessed when we remember that without it India and the tropical countries generally would be little better than European graveyards. If M. Mauméné has succeeded in making artificial quinine at a cheaper rate than by extracting it from bark, he has both fame and fortune before him; and the Peruvian bark plantations of South America, India, Ceylon and Java, whether natural or artificial, may be cut down for firewood. If, on the contrary, he can only produce it at a dearer rate, he will have achieved a result that will hand down his name to posterity as the first chemist who succeeded in the artificial formation of a vegetable alkaloid.

Interesting Archaeological Discoveries.

ENGLISH scientists have been much interested in the recent exhibition by Mr. Keane at the Anthropological Institute, on behalf of the finder, Mr. M. S. Valentine, of Richmond, Va., of some very remarkable stone objects recently discovered by that archaeologist in the neighborhood of Mount Pisgah, North Carolina. Mr. Keane explained that these were merely a few typical specimens selected from an extensive collection of 2,000 articles, partly in stone and partly in micaceous clay found in the upland region, between the Alleghany and Blue Mountains, during the years 1879-82. The material of the stone objects is almost exclusively slate, or soapstone, which abounds in the district, and which might almost seem to have been sculptured with metal instruments, so perfect is the workmanship. The objects themselves are absolutely of a unique type, consisting partly of human and animal figures, either in the round or in various degrees of relief, partly of household utensils, such as cups, mugs, basins, dishes and the like, partly of purely fancy and other miscellaneous articles, illustrating the tastes, usages, and culture of the unknown people by whom they have been executed. Collectively they present, Mr. Keane maintains, a unique school of art developed at some remote period in a region where the presence of civilized men had not hitherto been even suspected. The human type, which presents great uniformity, while still by no means conventional, is distinctly non-Indian, according to Mr. Keane, but whether Mongolian or Caucasian it would at present be premature to decide. All are represented as fully clothed, not in the hairy blanket of the Red Man, but in a close-fitting well-made dress somewhat after the modern "united garment" fashion. Some are seated in armchairs exactly resembling those known as "Ingoste Chairs," while others are mounted on the animals, which they had domesticated. These animals themselves are stated to be marvelously executed. Some of them represent the bear, the prairie dog, and other quadrupeds, as well as birds of North America. But others seem to represent types of the Old World, such as the two-humped Bactrian camel, the rhinoceros, hippopotamus and European dog. There are also some specimens obviously executed since the appearance of the white man, as shown by the horse with his rider, firearms, shoes, etc. The material of all these has a much fresher look than the others, and is of much ruder workmanship, as if they were the work of the present race of Indians.

FUN.

It is announced that Senator Ben Hill's cancer was caused by nicotine, which got into a blister on his tongue while smoking. Moral—Avoid blisters on the tongue.

"WELL, my little man, aren't you barefooted rather early this season?" said a benevolent gentleman to a youngster, recently. "Guess not. Wuz born barefooted."

"WHAT will I do with my hens if they do not lay?" Let them get into your neighbor's garden among the vegetables. If they do not lay, the neighbor will probably lay for them.

"STRAWBERRY short cake" remarked Fogg, inquiringly, as he gazed at the meagre array of fruit between the thick crusts; "yes, I should say so—a good many strawberries short."

DR. SOZINSKY says an average male child at the end of the first year should weigh twenty-five pounds. If your male child does not weigh that much, it is easy to give him a few pounds.

A WAG, who thought to have a joke at the expense of an Irish provision-dealer, said: "Can you supply me with a yard of pork?" "Pat," said the dealer to his assistant, "give this man three pig's feet."

AMONG those present at Rossini's funeral was Auber. On returning after the ceremony, the witty composer, who was eighty-four, observed to his friend, Gounod, "I fancy this is the last time I shall attend a funeral en amateur."

A YOUNG man in a train was making fun of a lady's hat to an elderly gentleman in the seat with him. "Yes," said his seat mate, "that's my wife, and I told her if she wore that bonnet that some fool would make fun of it." The young man slid out.

A MAN wanted a horse to ride at the annual parade. "Do you want a spirited animal?" asked the liveryman. "No, not very." "Do you want a quiet one?" "No, not very." "What do you want, then?" "I want a horse that looks a good deal more spirited than he really is."

"MA, haven't I been a real good boy since I've been going to Sunday-school?" "Yes, my lamb," answered the maternal parent, fondly. "And you trust me now, don't you, ma?" "Yes, darling." "Then, what makes you keep the preserves locked up in the pantry the same as ever?"

MISS BROWN, who is no longer young, was chiding Miss Moore for her foolishness in carrying a parasol, which Miss Brown said was useless and a piece of affectation. "I never carry a parasol," she said. "No," replied Miss Moore; "people on the shady side of life have no use for them."

THERE is a man who cannot get prompt service to his bell at his hotel. The other night he gave the bell a violent ring at midnight. Shortly after, the servant answered it. "I don't want anything now," said the fellow; "I ring now in order to get it on file. Bring me hot water at eight in the morning."

THE son of a vehement and iconoclastic critic calls upon the sculptor who has been commissioned to make a bust of his distinguished father to see the model. "H'm!" he says; "very good, indeed; but—ah—don't you think you could manage to indicate more clearly his—ah—his contempt for architecture as a merely secondary art?"

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

FOR OVERWORKED PROFESSIONAL MEN.

DR. CHAS. T. MITCHELL, Canandaigua, N. Y., says: "I think it a grand restorer of brain force or nervous energy."

THE UTMOST CARE IN SELECTING FOODS FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS should be exercised. Foremost stand the ANGLO-SWISS MILK-FOOD and CONDENSED MILK.

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We copy the following deserving and interesting compliment from the *Tribune*, which says: "Dr. C. W. Benson's New Remedy, 'SKIN CURE,' is received by the public with great confidence, and it is regarded as a very generous act on the Doctor's part to make known and prepare for general use his valuable and favorite prescription for the treatment of skin diseases, after having devoted almost his entire life to the study and treatment of nervous and skin diseases, in which he took great delight. He was for a number of years Physician in charge of the Maryland Infirmary on Dermatology, and anything from his hands is at once accepted as authority and valuable. The remedy is fully the article to attack the disease, both internally, through the blood, and externally, through the absorbents, and is the only reliable and rational mode of treatment. These preparations are only put up for general use after having been used by the Doctor in his private practice for years, with the greatest success, and they fully merit the confidence of all classes of sufferers from skin diseases." This is for sale by all druggists. Two bottles, internal and external treatment, in one package. Don't be persuaded to take any other. It costs one dollar.

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